

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming a General Repository of Literature, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, the Drama, &c.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Vie Politique et Militaire de Napoléon, &c.
Paris, 1827.

The Political and Military Life of Napoleon, related by Himself before the Tribunal of Caesar, Alexander, and Frederic. Vol. I. pp. 540. London, 1827. Dulau and Co.

IF the works of General Jomini, the author of the volumes before us, have insured him the highest rank among military writers, his disloyal conduct, during the campaign of Dresden, when he deserted the French standard, will always make him be considered as a traitor to his country, and will associate his name with the dishonoured ones of the Constable de Bourbon, and Generals Sarazin and De Bourmont. We excuse those irascible warriors, who, possessing too nice a sense of honour when they have received an affront, follow the example of Achilles, and withdraw both their assistance and advice from the imperious sovereign who despises or insults them; but the morality of nations will eternally condemn the conduct of those men, who, from private pique or disappointed expectations, have turned their swords and their talents against their companions in arms; and the true soldier will always exclaim with Admiral Blake, 'It is still our duty to fight for our country, into whatever hands the government may fall.'

In order to analyse the book before us, with a mind free from all prejudices and all unfavourable recollections of General Jomini, we will forget entirely his political conduct, and pass judgment only on his works, which are well worthy the study of all who wish thoroughly to understand the theory of war, and to form for themselves general principles, by comparing facts skilfully brought together.

The first production which manifested the superior talents of General Jomini was his *Traité des Grands Opérations Militaires*, three vols. in 8vo., in which the author gives a critical history of the wars of Frederic, which he compares to those of the French revolution. By the help of this work it is easy to follow, comprehend, and judge of the great operations of a campaign, because every march, every line of action, every stratagem, in short, the complete mechanism of battles, and even of a whole war, are all reduced to general and fixed principles, and subjected to just and severe criticism, intermingled with profound reflections.

A sharer in the triumphs of the republican army, and a witness of the extraordinary events which took place during the first years of French liberty, General Jomini constituted himself the historian of them, in a work en-

titled *Histoire Critique et Militaire des Guerres de la Revolution*, 15 vols. 8vo.; the most important of any of his writings, and in which the campaigns, reverses, and triumphs of the French, the causes of events, the details and results of different operations are all described with so much sagacity, order, and solidity, that this work is the most useful reading that a military man can select. The conclusion of the French republic terminates this history, the last page of which is as follows:—

'During ten years, the successful conqueror led his victorious eagles from the banks of the Tagus, to those of the Niemen, and into the depths of Pannonia. The laurels which he had entwined round his crowns, might perhaps have obliterated the remembrance of his usurpation, if his thorough contempt of men, and his insatiable ambition had not led him past all bounds. The vast and important picture of this period, less toilsome, perhaps, to trace than the one which we have just sketched, yet demands a degree of talent which we do not flatter ourselves we possess. Every thing connected with this subject is grand,—combinations as well as results; and to describe them properly requires a vigorous and well exercised pencil.'

M. Jomini has just undertaken this vast picture, but he does not exhibit it in his own name, but under the ægis of Napoleon. It is this conqueror himself who accomplished so many great undertakings, who achieved so many wonders, and committed so many crimes, that he causes to relate the history of his adventurous life; he prepares us for the confessions of the great man in the following manner:—

'The memorable events which signalized the commencement of the nineteenth century had long resounded through the Elysian Fields. The shades of Pitt, Thugut, Kleber, Moreau, Nelson, and many other brave men, cut off in the midst of battle, had already carried thither a thousand different versions respecting the combinations to which so many victories and reverses were attributed. The illustrious inhabitants of these mysterious regions awaited with impatience the arrival of that extraordinary man, who had been the principal instigator of these events, and who alone could explain them thoroughly.

'Already the news of his banishment to St. Helena and of the barbarous treatment which he received there, had given warning of his approaching end; the pitiless Atropos had already seized her scissors—she could not suffer so fine a prey to escape her. On the 5th of May, 1821, the pure and serene sky of Elysium became suddenly obscured by clouds, and the ruffled waters of Acheron, and the turbulent winds, announced the arrival of some extraordinary apparition. Every one hastened towards the coast, excited by one common feeling of interest and curiosity. The silent and mournful

skiff of Charon soon made its appearance; it drew near and deposited the shade of Napoleon the; every one pressed forward to see him; Alexander, Caesar, and Frederic, were among the foremost; and they alone had the right of interrogating him. The customary salutations were soon followed by the most pressing inquiries. Alexander, who from the mountains of Macedonia had penetrated even into India, and had yet been able to return victorious, was astonished at the retreat of Moscow, and wished to be told what had occasioned it. Caesar, who had died invincible, desired to be informed of the errors of Leipsic and Waterloo. Frederic, so great in his reverses, so guarded in his enterprises, requested an explanation of the prompt destruction of the monarchy, and of its glorious resurrection in 1813. Surrounded by this noble areopagus, he drew himself back for a moment and then began his narration.'

We shall not at present enter into an analysis of this important work, not having perused attentively more than the first portion of it, in which General Jomini makes Napoleon relate all the particulars of his childhood and life up to his nomination to the command of the army in Italy. The conqueror who acquired two crowns; who created a new aristocracy, and recalled the old one; who had the genealogical tree of his family drawn out, and made careful researches respecting his ancestors, either misleads us, or deceives himself respecting his real sentiments when he pronounces the following sentence:—'Every one knows already that I was born on the 15th of August 1769, at Ajaccio in Corsica; my parents were noble, a fortuitous circumstance to which I attach no value. "A captain who has rendered his country illustrious and raised up again, by his own merits, the throne of Charlemagne, stands in need of no ancestors."'

He manifests his hatred of liberty, by giving the opprobrious epithet of *meneurs*, (ring-leaders,) to those courageous members of the constitution, who brought about the memorable sitting at the Tennis Court, (p. 13.) His thirst of despotism is apparent in the following assertion:—

'If I had been the minister of Louis XVI., the revolution would have terminated on the 23rd June, 1789, I would at one and the same time have overthrown the enemies of the throne and ceded to the nation what it deserved.'—P. 15.

What it deserved! Finally, does he not, in spite of his wishes to the contrary, reveal his real selfishness of character, when he is narrating the events of the 13th Vendémiaire, that day on which he debased the sectionaries whom he inwardly approved of, and saved the convention, from whom he expected a recompense:—

'The Convention resolved to enforce the passing of its decrees, and the sections resolved to employ force to oblige it to dissolve itself. I took but little interest in these debates, being much more occupied with foreign war than with interior policy. I had no intention of playing a part in so delicate an affair. If the Austrians had not had one hundred and fifty thousand men at the gates of Strasbourg, and the English forty vessels before Brest, I should, perhaps, have taken part with the sectionaries, but when a foreign war is on hand, it is the duty of every good citizen to unite himself with those who hold the helm. It was proposed to me to command, under Barras, the armed force against the Parisians. In my quality of general, I preferred being at the head of the troops, to throwing myself into the ranks of the sections where I had nothing to do.'

The extracts we have made will show the style of the work; it appears to us to be written with elegance and conciseness, and Napoleon seems to be painted in his proper colours. General Jomini was accused of having been too sparing of dates in his preceding publications, but this reproach will not hold good with respect to his present work, for the dates of all the principal events are marked in the margin, and this is a much better plan than inserting them in the text, which interrupts the narrative, and sometimes renders it obscure.

Historical and Descriptive Accounts of the Theatres of London. By E. W. BRAYLEY, F.S.A. With Views, Drawn and Engraved by the late DANIEL HAVELL. 4to. London, 1826.

ALTHOUGH bearing the above date on its title-page, this work is but very recently published, the dedication being dated June 9th of the present year. Mr. Brayley has very appropriately inscribed his volume to Mr. Mathews, as not only being one of the first actors of the day, but as being likewise attached to every memorial connected with the history of the English stage. The conclusion of his dedication is so happily and ingeniously turned, and the compliment paid to our eminent mime, contains such a lively enumeration of his dramatic career, that we are tempted to transcribe it:—

'May you, sir, in the joyous exhilaration of *Youthful Days*, long live to keep open your Theatrical Gallery at Ivy Cottage. May the relation of your *Mail Coach Adventures*, while visiting *Country Cousins*, be amply repaid by your *London Gleanings*, when on the *Home Circuit*; and whether you take, in the *Diligence*, a *Trip to Paris*, or in the *Polly Packet*, a *Trip to America*, may you find all in good humour in France, equally with *All Well at Natchitoches*. In short, sir, to whatever region you go, even should you venture upon a *Trip in a Balloon*, with *Major Longbow*, and with him (although in a *Dream*) analyse the *Elements*, or commune with the spirits of *Fire, Earth, Air, and Water*, may you always be enabled to store your *Memorandum Book* with records of social *Invitations*, and every where find yourself perfectly *At Home*.'

The preface informs us, that the letter-press was originally intended to have been no more than a slight account of the subject of each plate, from memoranda put into the author's hands by the publisher; but the materials

increasing, the work assumed its present shape, comprising an historical sketch of each dramatic establishment, and a description of its theatre. Speaking here of the attempt of the Puritans, in the reign of Charles I., to suppress stage representations, the author observes, 'how different was that age from the days of old, when Catholicism was in its full ascendancy and vigour, and its very priests and choristers were not unfrequently employed in the performance of dramatic mysteries, both as an act of moral instruction and of religious duty.' The inference we should draw from this is not exactly what the author would intend: for, in the first place, it does not follow, because sacred dramas may not be objectionable, that others are equally proper; and in the next place, we certainly are not disposed to commend either the kind of instruction which the Catholic clergy of those days thus communicated, or the mode employed for conveying it; for many of those mysteries were any thing but edifying, or, rather, absolutely disgraceful,—compounded of such puerile mummery and vile blasphemy, that they appear to have been rather designed to turn religion into ridicule. No; if we must absolutely side with one of these parties, it would be with the Puritans, though only as a mere matter of taste. Much has been both said and written respecting the morality of the theatre; and the subject has generally been left where it was first taken up. That the drama is capable of being rendered a powerful ally of morality, as well as a refined and elegant amusement, is too obvious to require proof, for what is there in the mere form to hinder it? The question is, has the drama generally been favourable to good taste and good morals? If the lovers of the drama can conscientiously answer yes, it is well. We have, on a former occasion, expressed our own sentiments on the subject so fully and unreservedly, as to render it unnecessary for us to repeat them here*; besides, we are quite forgetting the work before us.

This volume contains accounts of fourteen different theatres, including, in that number, the once celebrated and now quite forgotten Pantheon. We have often regretted that we have never been able to meet with any designs of this structure, as it originally stood, for we suspect, notwithstanding the praise bestowed upon it by Walpole, that its architectural merits have been greatly over-rated; and we doubt whether it was at all superior in taste to the rotunda and saloon at Drury Lane. At least, the front, of which, with a few trifling alterations, the present one is a copy, had nothing of grandeur, and the sham pediment to the mean portico is as barbarous a solicism as ever was committed. James Wyatt was a fortunate and a fashionable architect; he erected a great many handsome private residences, but we have yet to learn what proof he ever gave of superior taste—of a talent capable of creating the magnificent and grand. Mr. Hunt, in his *Architettura Campestre*, speaking of Wyatt, says, 'unfortunately the exigencies of the times prevented the government from erecting any important public buildings whilst he was in office, or it is not

too much to say, we should have had from his hand monuments of classical as well as pointed architecture worthy of his country and of himself.' Yet what was his design for Downing College? Let Mr. Hunt answer this question: we cannot at this moment recal his precise words, but he deprecated its execution as being utterly destitute of grandeur, originality, or taste. And could we behold the Pantheon in its original state, we should, in all probability, estimate its merits very differently from its contemporaries. The Pantheon was destroyed by fire in 1792, and soon afterwards rebuilt; but we are not informed who was the architect then employed. In 1802, it was fitted up as a theatre, but the speculation did not answer, and it is now little better than a mere shell, the interior being a complete ruin. The boxes, however, are still remaining, but if we may judge from the decorations still visible on them, this theatre did not display the most refined taste, the whole being a crowded mass of gaudy and trifling ornaments, more worthy of a Bartholomew Fair booth, than a place of amusement for people of fashion.

In his accounts of the other houses, Mr. Brayley has given us much interesting information as to the successive transfers of theatrical property, and the changes in the buildings themselves, and has introduced much entertaining anecdote and biography; indeed, he appears to have extended his researches very widely, and discovers a familiarity with the subject we should hardly have expected, considering how different it is from those graver antiquarian pursuits to which he has hitherto applied himself, and that we have noticed him before as the able and intelligent historian of Westminster Abbey. His present volume must prove acceptable not only to the lovers of the drama, but likewise to the topographer, especially when we consider the vicissitudes to which theatrical establishments are liable, and the changes that so frequently occur in the buildings themselves. The plates are well executed, correctly drawn, and spiritedly tinted; and although, of course, some of the subjects have little architectural beauty to recommend them, they are not without their value to those who may recognize in them familiar and favourite acquaintance.

Introduction to the Science of the Pulse, as Applied to the Practice of Medicine. By JULIUS RUCCO, M.D., &c. &c. 2 vols. royal 8vo. pp. 305. London, 1827. Burgess and Co.

ON casting our editorial glance on the title-page of this bulky brace of octavos, we were inclined to form a most erroneous opinion of their nature. We thought (as many of our readers will probably think, from its title and bulk) that the work must doubtless contain a ponderous and valuable mass of medical science. We were, however, completely in error in our conclusions; from not making a due distinction, *secundum artem*, between a 'knowledge of the pulse' and an 'introduction' to that knowledge. Making this correction in our dull comprehension, and turning over a few pages of Doctor Rucco's pre-

* See Literary Chronicle, No. 301, p. 121.

face and table of contents, we soon found ourselves on very different ground. So far from the subject producing a degree of lassitude or languor in our vascular system, or producing in us what he terms a 'weak morbose pulse,' the amusing talent and bonhomie of the author has produced two goodly volumes, containing almost every variety of subject matter, without any of that leaden weight which schoolmen call *pure science*.

Thus, for example, Dr. Rucco, knowing the insatiable curiosity of mankind to become acquainted with all the 'highways and byways' by which celebrated individuals attain elevation among their fellows, modestly yet kindly commences his preface as follows:—

'To know in what manner the author has been enabled to produce the present work, and to learn the favourable circumstances under which it originated, may prove neither devoid of instruction nor amusement to the reader; who, whilst he acquires on the one hand some information by perusing the account, therein given, of the means which have contributed to its production, may, on the other, receive some gratification by observing the path which the author has traced out for himself amid all the difficulties and lacuna peculiar to the science of the pulse.'

This quotation alone would suffice to prove that Dr. Rucco has arrived at that enviable stage of medical knowledge and author-craft, which enables him to anticipate the wishes of his readers, and give them gratuitous advice (except the price of these volumes) how to steer clear of those shoals and pit-falls to which every student is more or less liable.

In pursuing what may be termed, after the celebrated Humboldt, his Personal Narrative, Dr. Rucco observes:—

'Although young, the author had at this period (1804) a considerable number of pupils attending his private lectures upon medicine, besides other students at the hospital of St. Giacomo at Naples, where he then exercised the functions of Regius Professor of Pathology.'

And further—

'Amongst other propitious circumstances from which he derived fresh materials, thereby contributing to the improvement of his treatise, must be considered that of having received, while at Paris, from the Neapolitan government (by another royal decree of December 22nd, 1812,) the honourable commission of investigating the institutions, laws, internal regulations, and medical economy of the hospitals, poor-houses, and prisons of that capital. The official despatch of Count Zurlo, then minister of the interior, a nobleman equally eminent for literary attainments and political sagacity [ecce sig.] expressly required the author to notice, particularly in his report, all the modifications and interesting circumstances connected with the rise and progress of those establishments.'

Now, although an ancient radical philosopher had the bad manners, on one occasion, to say, there was 'no royal road to geometry,' Dr. Rucco shows, with singular modesty and address, that the world would, in all probability, never have had the present opportunity of becoming acquainted with its own pulse, through the medium of his eight hundred pages, but for regal patronage. We should say, therefore, (in spite of the sneers of the

Lancet) that there really is such a thing as a 'royal road' to medicine, though not to geometry; and as a proof of our opinion, as well as the good sense and judgment of Dr. Rucco, he has very properly dedicated his treatise to Sir H. Hallford, the king's physician and president of the Royal College. But as we are no great judges of dedications, we must refer our readers to the work itself for that specimen of composition, while we endeavour to do justice to the author in other respects. He further observes:—

'That although convinced of the absurd practice of physicians in general, of examining the pulse in merely a formal manner, or attending solely to the general ideas of *sphygmica*, a science through which nature speaks to the physician by means of its organ the pulse, yet it was at first far from the author's intention to publish the results of his observations and researches on the pulse; but he afterwards considered that, without estimating too highly the services his work might render to *sphygmica*, he might incur the charge of indolence or of culpable indifference, by exclusively confining its advantages to himself, and by allowing the suggestions of diffidence to interfere with the interests of his numerous pupils, already anxious for instruction in the principles of *sphygmica*.'

What devotion and disinterestedness in the cause of science! What would not the students in our medical schools in the Borough give for a course of *sphygmical* lectures; could our author be prevailed on to issue a prospectus! But to proceed—(for we can scarcely proceed too far in bringing forth diffidence and modesty from obscurity)—the author, after illuminating the Neapolitan and Parisian youths with *sphygmical* science, says—'That an idea suggested itself, of extending his knowledge of practical medicine,' [qu. was this his first idea of the kind?] by examining, under every aspect, the different diseases incidental to the human body in various climates; an idea, which, singular as it may appear, finally determined him to sail for the United States towards the close of the year 1815; thus incurring all the disadvantages of a voluntary exile rather than resist the impulse of a laudable wish to benefit science, or frustrate the hope of rendering himself one day useful to the human race.' This is, indeed, pure philanthropy, and so far as we remember, only to be paralleled by the devotion of our countryman Howard, in the investigation of the source of the plague and prison fevers!

Arrived in America, it is not likely such an acute observer as Dr. Rucco should neglect the 'pretty considerable' opportunities which that favourite element for fever and freedom presented for pursuing his favourite science of *sphygmica*. The author accordingly tells us, 'that he interrogated nature, by observing the diseases indigenous to North America,' [though he forgets to point them out] and was thereby enabled to discover—'that the vast quantity of small animals, plants, &c. &c. [meaning, we suppose, men and women] in a state of decomposition, is frequently the cause of putrid and malignant fevers, and not rarely of the yellow fever itself, which usually predominates in the summer season, in consequence of the con-

currence of these obviously pernicious and powerful causes.' He next expresses, in good set terms, his gratitude and esteem to his worthy Philadelphian friends, for giving him 'a practice sufficiently extensive to insure him the opportunity of studying, by the bed-side of the patient, the genius, form, and character of the diseases most common to America; an advantage the more valuable, when we consider to what a degree the old prejudice predominates in the United States, of regarding every stranger with a suspicious reserve!' This relaxation of the 'old prejudice' of the sturdy republicans in favour of Dr. Rucco, speaks a volume in his favour; though by some chance or other he has been induced to extend it to two volumes; no doubt with the view of giving us the following piece of valuable information:—

'That as soon as he found himself sufficiently introduced into medical practice, by the success which crowned the efforts of his zeal, he resumed his favourite *sphygmical* researches; recalling to memory the results of his observations, and reading with serious attention his [own] work on the pulse, a work which he may be said to have improved by great additions during his residence at Paris.'

We wish sincerely that all our English medical writers could thus read and re-read their own earlier productions with equal satisfaction! But let that pass; while we show the vigorous pulsation of the profound author, who states, that—

'While thus prosecuting his researches, he did not neglect to compare in his mind the *nomogenous* pulses of the natives of France and Italy, with those of Americans afflicted with similar disorders; so that he was enabled to discern and appreciate the variations, modifications, and differences, which, under like circumstances, are produced upon the pulse, by the sole action of the different climates, influencing in various ways the physical constitution of man.'

Though the process by which the doctor arrives at such perfection of touch, as to enable him to distinguish a Frenchman from an American, merely by feeling his pulse, is altogether beyond our capacity, yet we cannot doubt the doctor's assertion. On the contrary, we would strongly recommend him, as first physician to our friend the Dey of Algiers, to assist his highness in distinguishing by a touch the various European captives when brought in prisoners by his Corsair cruisers.

But we must hasten to a close of our review, though fully aware that we cannot possibly do justice to so elaborate a work in our miscellaneous columns. We have as yet only given extracts from the author's preface, with the view of merely showing his philanthropy and diffidence in his own labours. To give even an abridgment of those labours would be impossible. We must, therefore, content ourselves by giving a few of the numerous heads of chapters and sections into which this profound work is divided; leaving the medical reader to search diligently the mine of information from the work itself. The second volume treats of what the author calls a *morbose pulse*, under eleven different heads of great, small, hard, soft, strong, weak,

quick, slow, frequent, rare, equal, morbose pulses. Next, he treats of capital, nasal, guttural, pectoral; of stomachal, intestinal, hemorrhoidal, hepatic, *cum multis aliis*, intelligible, of course, only to the initiated medical reader.—To be serious—we think the respective printers and booksellers will feel under much greater obligations to the author for his present voluminous work, than the medical profession for the sphygmical science it contains. Independent of the great mass of rubbish which the work offers, the medical doctrines of the learned author are only such as could have been tolerated a century back in England.

The Traveller's Oracle; or, Maxims for Locomotion: containing Precepts for Promoting the Pleasures and Hints for Preserving the Health of Travellers. By WILLIAM KITCHINER, M.D. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1827. Colburn.

POOR-Doctor Kitchiner is dead; all his 'precepts' were insufficient to extend his days to the number which commonly make up the life of man. All his 'receipts' to preserve the health and to prolong the existence of human kind, were unequal to keep the grim tyrant, whose worst enemy he professed to be, from passing the threshold of his own door, and calling him from those pleasures and those enjoyments, to increase and to add to which was the avowed study of his every hour. Death found him in the very midst of all that contributed to make an earthly life happy, summoned him without a single warning, and bore him to that other world where all his labours in this were vain as those of the visionary who built on the sea shore his pyramid of sand, which the coming wave was to wash for ever away. We pursue this subject no farther, but turn to the volume, or, rather, volumes; for, with the help of large type and extensive margin, the posthumous work of the doctor is made to consist of two volumes, each of which contain nearly four hundred pages of letter-press, and here we have our old and sometimes agreeable acquaintance in his own true dress, and with his own true bearing. His impress is plainly upon it. The book is Doctor Kitchiner's from beginning to end; from his first comparison of a poet's bald pate to a new laid egg, to his last puff of Mr. Quaife's Coach Directory, containing eighteen thousand fares. We do not, therefore, think the publishers need be apprehensive of the malediction of having *added to*, nor do they appear to have been at all in dread of its being uttered against them, for having *taken from* the poor doctor's last publication in this world in which he published so much. We quote a passage from the opening of the volume, because we have read it with much pleasure ourselves; the comment we leave to our readers:—

'From innumerable causes which are beyond human control, there is, in fact, no condition that is not subject to premature and sudden death, even in the very vigour of life, and under the vigilant exercise of every prudential measure.

"Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page prescribed, their present state."

"As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, there is but one step between thee and death!"—nay, not so much; for the strength whereby the step must be taken, may fail before it is finished; a little change of weather—a small cold—a disappointment in diet, will derange your health; and a fall,—a bruise,—a tile from a house,—the throwing of a stone,—the trip of a foot,—the scratch of a nail,—the wrenching off a bit of skin, the over-cutting of a corn, may destroy your life;—such trifling accidents have often done as sure execution, as war, pestilence, and famine.

'Sickness and death are always within a moment's march of us, ready at God's command to strike the blow. "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth;" therefore, so arrange all your affairs, that when sickness and sorrow come, you may have nothing to do in this world, but to—compose your soul for that which is to come.'

Immediately following this pleasing introduction, are some judicious observations on the use and abuse of the sabbath, which are concluded by the following passage:—'Christianity will stand or fall, as this day is neglected or observed;' a prophecy in the spirit of which we cordially concur. The author then enters upon his advice to travellers, and as all who are acquainted with his works will be aware, blends a great deal of what is sound, rational, and useful, with much that is ridiculous, or, at best, eccentric. He teaches people how to ride, to walk, to eat, to drink, to sleep, what shoes to wear, what appearance to make, how to pack a box, how to bolt a door, how to seal a letter, how to make a bed, how to choose an inn, how to cure stale beer, how to walk up and down hills, what knife to use, how to take notes, in short, how to do every thing that a man ought to do when he travels, whether that traveller be on foot, on horseback, in a carriage, in a cart, or on *cowback*, for this latter mode is illustrated and explained by the usage of a sage, who made his journey after this manner, and lived upon the milk which his steed yielded him. It will be readily supposed that these *advices* are full of useful matter, and so in truth they are. It will be as readily imagined that they abound in trifling and absurdity, and so they unquestionably do; still the book is one which no traveller, whether he be so by profession or circumstance, should be without, for many most beneficial maxims may be gleaned from it. But it is time to let the doctor's language and instruction speak for themselves; we, therefore, extract the following passages from the chapter entitled Travelling in Foreign Countries:—

'Those who travel to foreign countries, ought to be remarkably cautious in the choice of a companion for a long journey; if the person proposed have not exactly the same turn of mind, the same interest to pursue; and if he be not a good-natured, active, and inquisitive man, he will be an intolerable burden.

'In every part of the world, there are some idle countrymen of every traveller; the society of such gents he must carefully avoid.

'To travel with propriety, one ought not only to speak the language, but studiously to adopt the manners, habits, and customs of the country one is in.

'Instead of finding fault with the customs of a place, and telling the people that the English ones are a thousand times better, (as my countrymen are very apt to do,) commend their table, their dress, their houses, and their manners, a little more, it may be, than you really think they deserve; this degree of complaisance is neither criminal nor abject; it is but a small price to pay for the good-will and affection of the people you converse with. As the generality of people are weak enough to be pleased with these little things, those who refuse to please them so cheaply, are weaker than they.

'Listen patiently, and without offering the least contradiction, to the religious and political opinions which are occasionally started in conversation, however different they may be from your own.'

'The common people, in every country, understand only their native tongue; and as a traveller must necessarily make use of them as landlords, postilions, tradesmen, &c., you may easily imagine, that a traveller will be liable to numberless insults and impositions if he is ignorant of their language; on the contrary, his knowledge of it will immediately conciliate their esteem, and create a respect which may often be advantageous to him, especially if his deportment be familiar and good-natured; for these people, when they find a traveller willing to divest himself of (what they may suppose) his dignity, and place himself on a level with them, partaking of their amusements, and imparting his superfluous conveniences to them, they will be ready to do every thing in their power to serve him—by a contrary conduct, his life itself may be endangered.

'Hold no disputative discourse, either on religion, politics, or your own particular affairs.'

All this advice is followed up by much more of the same kind, and although full of common-place observations, they are often so common-place as to escape our notice, unless reminded of them by some such method as that to which we now refer. We do not think it will answer any purpose to enter farther into this subject; the book is not formed for criticism. We will, therefore, content ourselves with giving, from the title-pages of the two volumes, the contents of each, and our readers may, if they think proper, possess themselves of the last record we shall ever receive of Dr. Kitchiner's whimsicalities, blended, as they always have been, with much good sense and much useful advice:

'Part the first—comprises estimates of the expenses of travelling on foot—on horseback—in stages—in post-chaises—and in private carriages—with seven songs, for one, two, and three voices, composed by William Kitchiner, M.D., author of the *Cook's Oracle*—*The Art of Invigorating Life*, &c.'

'Part the second—comprises the horse and carriage keeper's oracle—rules for purchasing and keeping of jobbing horses and carriages—estimates of expenses occasioned thereby, and an easy plan for ascertaining every hackney-coach fare, by John Jervis, an old coachman; the whole revised by William Kitchiner, M.D., &c.'

The Religion of Christ is the Religion of Nature. Written in the *Condemned Cells of Newgate.* By JORGEN JORGENSEN, late Governor of Iceland. 8vo. pp. 411. London, 1827. Capes.

THE title of this volume indicates so much inaccuracy of expression or so much confu-

sion of thought, that our first impulse on reading it was to throw the book aside, as unworthy of our attention, or of the notice of our readers; but a book on theology, by a governor of Iceland, written within the walls of Newgate, is a rare phenomenon; and the singularity of the thing moved us to try whether the manner in which the subject was handled, would confirm or remove the unfavourable impression which its title had made upon our minds. Of every production which comes under our notice, we always speak with impartiality and candour; and, where the intention is manifestly good, we are always disposed to treat the defects of a performance with considerable leniency: but we must protest against such crude and indigested reveries as this volume contains, and we solemnly denounce it as unworthy of the grave and important subject upon which it bears. The author is manifestly little habituated to close reasoning, or patient investigation; much allowance must undoubtedly be made for a foreigner, who attempts to present his thoughts to us in a language to which he has not long been familiar; but what are we to think of a writer who thus expresses himself?

'No religion on earth, except the Christian, establishes the link of the chain which must necessarily exist between the Creator and the intelligent creature. After consulting history, chronology, the laws of mechanism! and the laws of nature, as unfolded by observation and experience, he discovered that the events mentioned in the Bible must have happened nearly at the time mentioned, and precisely after the manner described. At length his mind was satisfied that God had made "our yoke easy and our burden light."'

A very comfortable and consolatory conclusion, assuredly; but we should like to see by what new rules of dialectics this acute logician has been able to collect it from his premises.

But it is not only by perplexity of thought that our author is distinguished: he bounds with amazing rapidity from one subject to another, with which it has no conceivable connection; in one page he speaks of the excellency of the Christian revelation, in the next, we find him among the planets; then he is off in a tangent to an attack upon atheism, next to primary and secondary qualities, the steam-engine, phrenology, and meteoric stones! Throughout the whole work, we are presented with facts, which serve for the basis of no theory, with sterile propositions, which generate no conclusions, and with vain declamation, which obscures the subject and bewilders the reader: by the assistance of a few insipid truisms, which are thrown into all the possible combinations, the writer has contrived to swell the volume to its present magnitude. We would not be understood to condemn, as superfluous, a new attempt to illustrate or enforce the evidences of our most holy faith: we know very well that, from time to time, clever men will write able works upon this important subject, and multitudes will be found to read them; but injudicious writers, who inconsiderately assail the enemies of our religion, are dangerous auxiliaries, and have often, by their weakness

or their folly, done a positive injury to the cause they intended to serve. We can readily believe that the composition of the volume before us has lightened the affliction and soothed the solitary hours of its author; but we are very sure that is all the good it is ever likely to do, and with these feelings we take our leave of the work.

CUNNINGHAM'S TWO YEARS IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

(Concluded from p. 468.)

WE had almost abandoned the design of further noticing Mr. Cunningham's sketches, for the work is of such a nature as to be necessary to all who are desirous of information respecting the state of society in that rising colony, its topography, natural history, or the advantages it holds forth to emigrants in preference to other places. But for the sake of our general readers, we will turn a second time to the work, and extract a few of its facts and anecdotes.

Referring to minerals, Mr. C. speaks of the supply of coal as inexhaustible, which is generally, however, small and dusty, though it burns well:—

'It is either found, or indications of its existence are observed, in a direct coast line of one hundred and twenty miles, extending from Port Stephen's to Botany Bay, and interiorly for about a hundred miles along Hunter's River; up some of the branches of which fields of coal have been traced, several thick and easily-worked beds being found full ninety miles from the sea.'

Freestone.—'Our freestone is of a grayish, sometimes approaching to a reddish, hue, and is usually soft when first quarried, but gradually hardens on exposure. It abounds almost every where among us, and to it we are indebted for many beautiful buildings, while grindstones have been manufactured from it on a considerable scale both for home use and exportation, and dripstones also, though with less success. The first cargo of grindstones ever shipped was, unfortunately for the credit of the colony, compounded unwittingly of our most porous friable stone. They were sent to the Isle of France, and deposited in the yard of one of our merchants there to be disposed of, whose astonishment may be readily imagined, on one of his trusty slaves bursting into his dining-room one afternoon, (when he was busied in regaling a party of friends,) wringing his hands in alarm, and vociferating, "Massa, massa, oh my gad, grinetone all run away," which turned out to be literally the case,—a heavy tropical shower which was then falling had washed them down, and was actually floating them out of the yard!'

Pipe.—'No country in the world possesses finer pipe or potter's clay than this;—those who have been brought up in the Staffordshire potteries declaring it to be greatly superior to the English samples. The very vicinity of Sydney abounds with it, and various places toward Paramatta show it no less pure. I know not but it might be profitable as an export to England for potteries near the coast.'

Currency and Sterling.—'Our colonial-born brethren are best known here by the name of Currency, in contradistinction to Sterling, or those born in the mother-country. The name was originally given by a facetious paymaster of the seventy-third regiment quartered here,—the pound currency being at that time inferior

to the pound sterling. Our currency lads and lasses are a fine interesting race, and do honour to the country whence they originated. The name is a sufficient passport to esteem with all the well-informed and right-feeling portion of our population; but it is most laughable to see the capers some of our drunken old sterling madonnas will occasionally cut over their currency adversaries in a quarrel. It is then, "You saucy baggage, how dare you set up your currency crest at me? I am sterling, and that I'll let you know!" They grow up tall and slender, like the Americans, and are generally remarkable for that Gothic peculiarity of fair hair and blue eyes which has been noticed by other writers. Their complexions, when young, are of a reddish sallow, and they are for the most part easily distinguishable—even in more advanced years—from those born in England. Cherry cheeks are not accompaniments of our climate, any more than that of America, where a blooming complexion will speedily draw upon you the observation, "You are from the old country, I see!"

'The currency youths are warmly attached to their country, which they deem unsurpassable, and few ever visit England without hailing the day of their return as the most delightful in their lives; while almost every thing in the parent-land sinks in relative value with similar objects at home.

'A young Australian, on being once asked his opinion of a splendid shop on Ludgate Hill, replied, in a disappointed tone, "It is not equal to big Cooper's," (a store-shop in Sydney,) while Mrs. Rickards' Fashionable Repository is believed to be unrivalled, even in Bond Street. Some of them, also, contrive to find out that the English cows give less milk and butter than the Australian, and that the choicest Newmarket racers possess less beauty and swiftness than Junius, Modus, Currency Lass, and others of Australian turf pedigree;—nay, even a young girl, when asked how she would like to go to England, replied with great naïveté, "I should be afraid to go, from the number of thieves there," doubtless conceiving England to be a downright hive of such, that threw off its annual swarms to people the wilds of this colony. Nay, the very miserable-looking trees that cast their annual coats of bark, and present to the eye of a raw European the appearance of being actually dead, I have heard praised as objects of incomparable beauty! and I myself, so powerful is habit, begin to look upon them pleasantly. Our ideas of beauty are, in truth, less referable to a natural than an artificial standard, varying in every country according to what the eye has been habituated to, and fashion prescribes.'

Honesty among the Sydney Shopkeepers.—'In crowded London, where public affairs engross nearly the whole public attention, a shopkeeper may cheat a stranger without his reputation or trade being much injured thereby; but in the circumscribed community of Sydney, where every individual is known, the complaints of a stranger regarding any imposition practised upon him would be multiplied from mouth to mouth, and the custom and credit of the shopkeeper seriously injured. It may appear strange, too, when I say that you may place as implicit confidence in the generality of the portion of traders who have been convicts as in those who come out free. An emancipist trader is aware that as he has been known formerly to be a rogue, his conduct will be more narrowly watched than that of the man who has heretofore kept up a reputation for integrity,

and that every *faux pas* he commits will be more strictly scrutinized than those of his neighbours; because, while the offence of the latter may possibly be slurred over, under the name of a mistake, his will, to a certainty, be pointed out as a sample of the old leaven manifesting itself again previous to some grander development. Even ridicule, which no man can readily stand up against, has no small share in producing this superior carefulness. When the emancipist cheat passes along the street, he feels that the fingers of all the free unconvicted population will be secretly wagging at him with "See, see! there goes the fellow who has been so long humbugging us with his sham honesty; I always said he would turn to his old trade again;" while he knows that none would rejoice at, or propagate and magnify, his backsliding more than his old pals, partaking so fully as they do of that base principle which exists in the great body of mankind, namely malignant envy of any one who rises above his former level.

Having alluded to the mode of examining the country for suitable grants of land, Mr. C. continues to observe,

"The settlers are generally hospitably disposed, and in these jaunts you are always welcome to such fare and such accommodation as they have it in their power to give. A tinder-box or powder-flask conjures up a fire when you bivouac in the forest; while a few slips of bark, peeled from a tree, shelter you from the cold and wet; and with a good fire at your feet, and a tin of hot tea before retiring to rest, you may sleep comfortably enough. Your muskets will furnish you with birds of various kinds; and with a brace of good greyhounds you will never lack kangaroos and emus; so that your bush-fare is a true sportsman's feast. You meet with some adventures probably both to astonish and alarm you, but these mostly end in your amusement. If you should hear a coach-whip crack behind, you may instinctively start aside to let the mail pass; but quickly find it is only our native coachman with his spread-out fan-tail and perked-up crest, whistling and cracking out his whiplike notes as he lops sprucely from branch to branch. Neither must you be astonished on hearing the razor-grinder ply his vocation in the very depths of our solitudes; for here he is a flying instead of a walking animal, and consequently can very readily shift his station. On seating yourself comfortably by the fire of one of our backwoodsmen, your attention may probably be arrested by a heavy foot tread approaching the door, followed by a heavier souse of a load tossed down at the entrance; and pricking up your ear at the observation of "Good Lord! what a whapper! where did you meet with that old fellow?" you hear a gruff grumbling voice reply, "Why I had a tightish job on't wi' the ould boy; he took a good many thumps on the head before I could do for'un." Confounded at the meaning of this conversation, you bend your eyes with anxious gaze toward the door, which slowly opening, a desperate-looking ruffian, habited in a huge hairy cap and shaggy kangaroo-skin jacket, dappled thickly with blood, stalks solemnly across the floor casting a grunting sort of recognition to each person around, and while teasing out the tobacco-leaf to charge his pipe, relates with the most cool villanous indifference that he has been fortunate enough to kill an old man as he came along, whose hind quarters he had just brought with him to make steaks of for supper! ending his horrible recital with a significant

glance at you, while drawling out through his husky throat, "It will be a treat to the gemman, as he is a new-comer!" You begin to fancy you have got into a den of cannibals, and that you are doomed to join in their horrible repast, or, perhaps, be broiled yourself, in event of refusal! To your great relief, however, the "old man" turns out to possess the appendage of a tail, and is, in fact no other than one of our old acquaintances, the kangaroos!"

The Memorial. By THOMAS MAUDE, ESQ., A.B., Oxon. London, Hatchard and Son; Edinburgh, Blackwood. 1827.

THIS Memorial, which consists of seventeen Spenserian stanzas, is a retrospect of life, mingled with allusions to illustrious sons of song, and the spots of earth hallowed either by their residence or their strains. Mr. Maude has thrice been before us, and each time we have awarded him that praise which his poetical ability and highly polished mind have justly claimed of us; on the present occasion, we can but reiterate our pleasure, added to the wish that his Memorial were longer. The Spenserian stanza requires considerable facility of versification and excellent judgment in its formation; it combines many requisites, and we have known several bards, who, in the heroic and other metres, have felt themselves at home, completely fail when attempting this; Mr. Maude appears, in a good degree, to have conquered this obstacle, and his effusions are distinguished for a fine firmness of expression, a classical polish, and pleasing and sweet thought. From so brief a poem we cannot extract much; we, however, give his invocation to Scotland, in which is introduced the reminiscence of a friend:—

"Hail, Albion!—In youth's visionary prime
Thy wild romance my kindling fancy caught.
Buccleuch and Branksome thrilled in Border rhyme,
Coila and Fingal new enchantment brought;
And o'er thy mountains roamed my truant thought,
Where the clouds toward the storm-swept islets tend.
E'en thy dark pine and pale blue weed were wrought
In Fancy's colouring;—while with thee I blend
The image and the voice of my youth's earliest friend.

"He was a son of thine; remembering thee,
His eye how fired! how eloquent his tongue!
Yet mid the rushing of his native Dee
He perished in his bloom—alas, so young.
And to his fate my sorrowing harp was strung;
For never did the wild ingulfing wave
Snatch from incautious youth's promiscuous throng
A nobler heart—enlightened, generous, brave!
Swept, with how many hopes, to that insatiate grave.

"When 'twixt our souls this high communion grew,
Our school-boy steps traced the slow-winding Wear;
The unclouded dawn of joyous life was new,
And verdant all—that now to me is sere.
Woman was then a mystery—yet how dear!
A mine of glowing wonders unexplored;
And things, whose hues in each succeeding year

Have worn more dim and dead, were then adored
With that first love which scathes the spirit
from which 'tis poured.

"But he—whose fate I wept with selfish grief—
The hues of life were never blank to him.
No tint of red was on his spring-like leaf,
On his unwrinkled brow no shadow dim.
Life's cup he took, and from the sparkling brim
Drew the brief draught allotted to his fate;
Then (his existence broken as a dream)
Entered, unbent, on his immortal state,
Ere yet of lagging years he had endured the weight.

"Peace to his gentle shade! Together we,
'Venturous, essayed to wake the magic string,
And, led by Hellas' star of poësy,
To trace Castalia to its sacred spring.
Then flashed the thought of high imagining;
And o'er my heart and brain was breathed a fire,
That is not now all smothered while I fling
My hand o'er the yet-unforsaken lyre—
The enchanted hope that fans the fever of desire."

We sincerely trust that Mr. Maude will yet consult his high ability and his fame, and give to the world a volume replete, (as we are assured it will be,) with the flowers and bloom of true poetic genius.

HISTORY OF THE WAR IN THE PENINSULA.

(Continued from page 547.)

THE first part of the first volume contains a severe but impartial judgment upon the imperial policy and character of Napoleon, that despot, unfortunately but too clever, the scourge of his country, the corrupter of an army of citizens, who, after having given liberty to France, subjected both that country and most others to the yoke of the greatest captain, but at the same time the most ambitious man, of modern times. After his eloquent but rather flattering picture of the French phalanxes, General Foy turns his attention towards England. The scene now changes entirely; it is no longer through the prism of enthusiasm and self-love that the writer sees, studies, and describes British politics, and the spirit, qualities, and defects of British troops.

"The English, taken separately, manifest private virtues, right inclinations, and a correct judgment. Considered as a nation, the lower classes are brutal, the higher ones proud, fond of money, and deep calculators. They have no rivals for their skill and courage in braving the perils of the ocean. Revolutions have procured them their liberty, their liberty has procured them riches, but riches have not enervated their courage. Scarcely breathing freely but in an open space—cruel in their diversions, passionately fond of violent exercises, they have preserved beneath a corrupted sociability, the tastes, games, and customs which their barbarous ancestors had in the forests. Their restless dispositions and their love of travelling fit them for the wandering life of warriors, and they possess one quality which is inestimable in the field of battle, that of preserving their calmness when angry."—Vol. I. p. 206.

This portrait, though very severe, is not wanting in truth. But is it possible that a military man, who had fought at Corunna, Toulouse, and Waterloo, would say, without

any softening down, that 'the English soldier is stupid and intemperate—that his soul is vigorous, merely because his father and his chieftains have incessantly repeated to him that all the children of old England, drunk with porter and satiated with roast beef, are individually worth at least three of the pigmy beings who vegetate upon the continent of Europe... that he has neither animation nor enthusiasm... that his courage, more physical than moral, wants keeping up by strong excitement... that he is but little susceptible of shame... and, finally, that when he retreats, it is by dint of blows with a stick, not by words, that he is brought back to the combat.'... All this is a contradiction of what the general advances in another part of his work, viz. that the English officer speaks but rarely to his soldiers. There is also ignorance or exaggeration as well as an evident partiality in several comparisons, otherwise well-written, concerning the character of the French and English soldier, and of the life which each leads in the camp.

General Foy has pursued the same plan with respect to Spain and Portugal as he has with France and England; his second volume is devoted to an exposition of the forces and political state of the two first-named countries. He exhibits to us with much address, these superstitious yet brave, and indolent yet proud nations, who, aroused from their lethargy by the clamour of foreign arms, rose with enthusiasm to defend their independence, and even their prejudices. He initiates his readers into all the mysteries of those courts where women and favourites make the laws. The portrait of Godoy, that lover of the queen, that favorite of the king, that *parvenu*, the real master of the state, under whose yoke the people became indignant and the nobles trembled. This portrait explains perfectly the government of Spain and is a striking likeness. General Foy also describes in a clear and rapid manner the negotiations which preceded the rupture between France and Portugal, and the march of the French army from the banks of the Bidasoa to the ramparts of Lisbon. He characterizes most accurately the Portuguese government, when he says, 'Opposite to England it resembles a sloop drawn into the track of the vessel which tows it;' and he paints the Spaniards well by saying, 'Loyalty is the basis of their character; they are habitually calm, but it is the calm which originates in silence not in absence of passion. They can dissimulate, but they are incapable of feigning. Temperance and moderation in their desires exempt them from hard labour; they are lazy and inert. No people have so well preserved, under despotic rulers, the feelings and dignity of men. Not greedy of gain, and but little disposed to disgraceful vices, religious, credulous, and enthusiastic, they honour talent, courage, and misfortune, and are capable of self-devotion. Strangers to the brutishness of corporeal excesses, all that elevates the soul, rouses and affects them. But little adapted to a regular organization, not sufficiently enslaved by physical wants, too ardent, too elevated to submit to social discipline, better calculated for a sudden and

great exertion than for following up the results of it, it is of them that it has been said, 'they were brave on such a day.'

The invasion of Portugal, by the French army, was Napoleon's first act against the independence of the Peninsula. Very soon the fortresses which defended the entrance into Spain were surprised by stratagem and retained by force. The treachery of Bayonne caused the Castilian princes to fall into the hands of Bonaparte, and the French became masters of Madrid. Murat assumed the sovereignty of it, and a rebellion broke out, which he repressed, but insubordination spread on all sides. England took advantage of this, she encouraged the insurrection in Galicia and Catalonia, and the victorious invaders of Rio Seco fell beneath the walls of Saragossa:—

'But what is there that cannot be effected by the love of country and of independence? The inhabitants of Saragossa and the garrison did what had never been seen before. When they arrived at the turning of the great street of the Corso, they rallied, and returned in a thick column upon the assailants, who had separated, were dispersed through the houses, and occupied in plundering. A terrible firing commenced from the windows and the roofs; every house was converted into a fortress, which it was necessary to batter and carry by storm.

'Dismayed by such an unlooked-for resistance, the soldiers took to flight; several generals were killed. The French were not yet masters of Saragossa; they were obliged to be satisfied with preserving what they had taken. In the streets they covered themselves with articles of furniture, with bags of wool, and with sacks filled with earth. The two attacking columns, which had not been able to unite completely, occupied, one the convent of San Francisco, the other the convent of San Diego. This terrible day cost the French one thousand five hundred men.'

The insurrection spread from village to village, from town to town, from province to province; the levying of arms spread like a conflagration; yet Joseph Bonaparte was, notwithstanding, proclaimed king by the Junta extraordinary convoked at Bayonne, and that in spite of not only the mass of the Spanish nation, but, if we may believe the following passage of General Foy's works, in spite even of himself:—

'Joseph had reigned at Naples for two years. His subjects were indebted to him for a multitude of useful regulations, some efforts to pacify the Calabrias, and the re-establishment of order in the northern provinces of the kingdom. An easy, kind, and generous sovereign could not but please all those whom rank or office brought near his person. Joseph was persuaded that he was adored by his people; on this point, whatever may be their origin, all kings are incorrigibly credulous. He suffered a severe heart-ache, when, in order to begin a new kind of existence, it became necessary for him to tear himself from his illusions, from his tranquillity, from the works which he had begun. The order to quit the throne of Naples, for the purpose of seating himself on the throne of Spain, was given to him without his having been consulted. He quitted his capital, almost incognito, and without making known that he was to return no more. The motives which had formerly induced him to refuse

Italy, and to hesitate in accepting the crown of Naples, now recurred to his mind, strengthened by the reflections which his experience of government suggested to him. In spite of his aversion to tumult, he found himself again thrown back into the violent and warlike systems of his brother. How far would this turbulent futurity agree with the well-being of the nation over which he was to rule? The Neapolitans, accustomed as they were to obey viceroys, were not shocked to see their monarch receive instructions, and even positive orders, from Paris. But would a crowned slave be tolerated by Spanish pride?... This feeling grew stronger in the mind of the prince as he approached the Pyrenees. He learned the events of the 2nd of May. Some little was told him respecting the insurrection of Saragossa, and the risings which daily took place in his future kingdom. All this increased his regret. He knew not what were the views of the emperor as to Naples, of which kingdom he still considered himself as the sovereign, as he had not abdicated the throne. He firmly resolved that he would return there, unless the emperor would consent to such conditions as would secure his honour and the happiness of the people.

'Joseph arrived at Bayonne on the 7th of June, a few hours after the promulgation of the decree which made him king of Spain and the Indies. The emperor went to meet him beyond the city gates, and took him into his carriage. There he clearly and forcibly explained the political interests by which Joseph was called to the throne of Spain. He spoke to him of family interests, as well as of those which belonged to the country. "I may die," said he; "Murat, who has a party in the army, Eugene, who, though young, has won the esteem of the nation, will contend for my succession before you can arrive from the farther end of Italy to enter on it. The crown of France must never go out of our family. Your place is in Spain. There, in case of any misfortune, you will succeed me naturally, and without obstacles. Besides, these arrangements will put an end to our domestic quarrels. I give Naples to Lucien." This last circumstance touched the heart of Joseph. He felt as much tenderness for his brother Lucien, as he did repugnance for his brother-in-law Murat. The carriage meanwhile entered the court-yard of the castle of Marrac. The Empress Josephine, attended by her maids of honour, descended as far as the palace staircase to meet the king; he entered the state rooms. The Spanish grandees were waiting for him there. They kissed his hand, harangued him, and greeted him as their sovereign, before he had time even to consent to be so.—Vol. 2, p. 299.

Joseph made his entry into Madrid on the 20th July, 1808, the magistrates preceded the monarch in their robes of state, the houses were adorned with rich hangings, and the cannons rent the air with their thundering sounds, but all hearts were sorrowful, all tongues silent, and all the streets deserted. It was easy to foresee that Joseph, notwithstanding his good intention and his endeavours to make himself popular with his new subjects would not long remain sovereign of Spain. In fact, the victories which crowned the French arms at Rio Seco having forsaken their standards at Baylen, the new king was soon obliged to evacuate Madrid. The recital of the engagement at Baylen, which

proved so disastrous to the French arms is written by General Foy in a style equally honourable to the historian and the soldier. Whilst reading it, we behold the places occupied by the two armies, we follow their respective movements, and perceive how a first error in judgment, if not recognized and promptly rectified, brings with it the most fatal consequences in war. Guided only by French impetuosity, General Dupont might have broken at some point or other the enemy's line which enclosed him; and had General Vedel consulted only his courage, he might have crushed the Spanish soldiers who had kept prisoners the corps d'armée of his general in chief:—

‘When Napoleon learned the disaster of Baylen, he did not strike his head against his palace walls; he did not exclaim, “Varus, Varus, restore to me my legions!” The loss of seventeen thousand inexperienced soldiers was easily to be repaired by him who could dispose of the lives of forty millions of men. But he wept tears of blood on his humbled eagles, on the insulted honour of the French arms. That virginity of glory, which he had deemed inseparable from the tricoloured flag, was for ever lost; the charm was broken; the Invincibles had been vanquished—had been made to pass under the yoke; and by whom? By those whom, according to the policy of Napoleon, it was of consequence to consider and to treat as a mere mob of beggarly revolvers! His correct and rapid glance penetrated into the future. By the capitulation of Andujar, the Junta, which had hitherto been only a committee of insurgents, was become a regular government, a power. Spain must, all at once, have appeared in his eyes, high-souled, noble, ardent, formidable, such as it was in the days of its heroic age. Imagination effaced from the pages of history the tarnished recollections of the last Austrian kings, and of the Bourbon dynasty, and blended together the triumphs of Pavia and the laurels of Baylen. What enormous forces, what efforts would it not now be necessary to employ, to subjugate a nation which had begun to feel its strength, and which even overrated it! and what an effect would be produced on other states! England was frantic with joy; oppressed Europe turned towards Spain; and every nation directed its eyes to that point, whence had so unexpectedly blazed forth a radiance which was to enlighten the world.’—Vol. 2. p. 365.

It is nothing for a general to evacuate a town, it being simply an operation of war, but it is every thing to a king to abandon his capital before the assembled army of his kingdom. This, however, is what Joseph was compelled to do after the capitulation of Andujar. He quitted Madrid a week after he had entered it, and two days after the royal standards had been planted in his name. The retreat was made along the Ebro, and the insurrection, like the burning waves of Vesuvius, spread over the country which the French were abandoning. The siege of Saragossa was raised, the whole of Catalonia flew to arms; the siege of Girona, which had been so valiantly defended by its inhabitants, was abandoned, and the French retained in this portion of the Peninsula only the towns of Barcelona and Figuières.

The insurrection in Spain communicated

itself to Portugal; the time no longer existed when Cardinal Maridoça, the patriarch of Portugal, called Bonaparte, ‘the man whom past ages could never have formed an idea of; the man of prodigies; the great emperor, whom God had called to be the founder of the happiness of nations;’ and when the bishops in their mandates, and the magistrates in their edicts, vied with each other in recommending a kind reception of the French and obedience to their general, as a civil and religious obligation, Badajoz was the first to protest against the dominion of foreigners. Oporto followed the example, and the students of the university of Coimbra took up arms; the peasants of Algarve descended from the mountains to share in the dangers and the fame of their compatriots; insurrection preached by the priests, put in training by the monks, and organized by the Junta of Oporto, sprang up in all parts at once. ‘It was impossible,’ says Gen. Foy, ‘to strike the ground without raising up some fresh enemy of the French.’ It was in vain that General Junot, the commandant of Lisbon, sent deputies and troops into the disturbed provinces, the former could not calm the public mind, nor the latter subdue the insurgents, who had just joined the army under the Duke of Wellington, and who gave themselves up to the most ferocious acts of cruelty towards the French.

From the moment the English army landed in Portugal, every thing in this portion of the Peninsula wore a different appearance. A new struggle commenced; the French had now disciplined soldiers to encounter with, yet they never shunned any engagements, but, on the contrary, rather sought to provoke them. Vanquished at Rolica by superior forces, they made a wise retreat; and returned a few days afterwards to try the fate of arms at Vimeiro, where they lost a battle that was warmly contested, and that brought about the convention of Cintra, which was more faithfully executed by the Duke of Wellington than that of Banen had been by General Castano, and led to the evacuation of Portugal by the French army, and the return of that army to its own country.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Gipsy Lady, The Fairy Child, Charlotte's Charm, A Gretna Green Story, and other Poems. 12mo. pp. 148. London, 1827. W. Morgan.

THIS is a neatly printed volume, professing to contain certain poems, the titles of which are clearly set forth in the title page. It is quite painful to see so much labour and time thrown away, and perhaps much ability misapplied, in the production of a work which can really do no possible good, either to the author or to any of his fellow beings. We quote the opening of the first poem, which tells the story of a lady of rank who loved and eloped with a gipsy chief, to satisfy our readers that the poetry is far from being above mediocrity; and the writer, that by so doing, we have given a fair specimen of the whole hundred and forty-eight pages of his book:—

‘The morning was delightful—to the heaven
A veil of beauteous purple night had given,

With lingering twilight stars bespangled all:
Asunder, into changing folds, did fall
That vapoury veil, which bright as crimson
glow'd,

And now the East her thousand blushes show'd.
Fleeting as on the cheek, these charms were
gone,

Now innocence akin to beauty shone.
To downy fleeces changed, of ruddy gold,
The eye might witness a celestial fold;
Diversified, as brighten'd still the light,
To spacious bay o'erspread with breakers bright,
Through which the sun like golden galliot
sail'd;

From pole to pole his glory now he hail'd,
And over all the varied scene below—
The landscape shining with supernal glow,
Like a moonlight reflection of the sky,
Return'd the smile that gladden'd it from high.’

Lectures upon the Tactics of Cavalry. By
COUNT VON BISMARCK. Translated from
the German. By MAJOR F. JOHNSTON.
12mo. pp. 290. London, 1827. Ridgway.

Count Von Bismark's Tactics and Manœuvres of Cavalry. Translated, with Notes,
By MAJOR N. L. BEAMISH. 8vo. pp. 402.
London, 1827. Ainsworth.

THIS is really a very amusing and interesting little work, and the translators of it have conferred a benefit on military men by their translations. Let it not be thought, however, that these translations are of equal merit. They are not so; and if we had only read Count Von Bismark's Tactics as translated by Major Beamish, we should certainly not have spoken of it, by any means, in a favourable manner; for, to allude to no other point, the style of his translation is amazingly inexplicable. Major Johnson's translation does him great credit; but the notes of his brother officer are important, and for them alone we recommend his book. Two extracts are all we can give; one from Major Johnson's translation:

‘The importance of certain days is felt. On this account, on the day of battle, generals remind their troops of former days of triumph, that they may impart the same disposition which on those occasions produced the victory. “The sun of Austerlitz rises!” was the cry at the battle of the Moskwa, on the 7th of September, 1812. At the battle of Vittoria, 21st of June, 1813, Lord Wellington reminded his army, “that they were the brothers of the heroes of Trafalgar, and had the troops before them which they had conquered at Salamanca.” History has preserved the most important harangues which commanders, on similar occasions, have held to their troops. “Soldiers!” said Bonaparte, at the battle of Marengo, as he rode through the ranks, about six o'clock in the evening, “Soldiers! remember that it is my custom to sleep on the field of battle;” and the battle, which, up to that time, had been against him, took a turn in his favour.’

The other from Major Beamish:

‘The brave veteran Picton had an odd way of complimenting the men of his division, previous to an engagement. At the battle of Vittoria, when the third division so gallantly carried the bridge in front of Puente Nueva, this intrepid general mounted his horse, and putting himself at the head of his troops, waved his hat, and led them on to the charge, with the bland compellation of, “Come on ye rascals! come on ye fighting villains!” an address

which proved most effective, for the bridge was carried in a few minutes. English generals have never been famed for making long speeches to their troops; and the best style of harangue is, certainly, as M. Le Clerc says, "that which is suited to the time and place." This author cites a most pertinent address, made to his men, by an old British officer, who commanded before Cadiz in 1702. The Spaniards were advantageously posted, and great exertions being required on the part of the British, the general found himself under the necessity of haranguing his troops, an operation which he was not at all in the habit of performing; he, however, got out of the dilemma in the following manner:—"Would it not be a disgrace," said he, "for you Englishmen, who live on good beef and pudding, to be beaten by those rascally Spaniards, who have nothing to eat but oranges and lemons?" An appeal, says Le Clerc, perhaps better than if the general had made the most eloquent harangue.

Memoir of Augustine Vincent, Windsor Herald. By N. H. NICOLAS, Esq., F. A. S. 8vo. pp. 130. London, 1827. Pickering.

'The duties of a herald,' observes Mr. Nicolas, 'and the laborious and perplexing investigations in which he is hourly engaged, have for their object the establishment of a claim to freehold property, or to the most important honours in the state, as frequently as they tend to gratify the ambition of a mere *parvenu* in endeavouring to conceal his pristine obscurity by a grant of armorial ensigns, which, agreeably to modern practice, are too frequently radiant in hieroglyphical allusions to the trade by which he has just emerged from insignificance. There are, however, other and higher causes which entitle their labours to respect. As adjuncts to history they are almost indispensable; and it is asserted, after much reflection, that there is scarcely an important fact in the annals of this country but either had its origin, or became intimately involved in a point of genealogy. The succession of the crown, the many political events which proceeded from marriages between powerful families, and the numerous circumstances which entirely rested upon a question of consanguinity, are striking proofs of the justice of this remark; whilst a careful inquiry will often trace the motive of some extraordinary coalition to a family connection between the parties not generally known. Heraldry, too, though not so essential, is nevertheless a valuable assistant to the study of English history and antiquities; nor were these sciences over-rated when they were styled "the handmaids of history." For purposes of biography they are equally essential; and it would be difficult, if not impossible, to become well acquainted with the life of a man who lived before the seventeenth century, without a reference to the records preserved in the College of Arms. The same inquiries produce an intimate knowledge of the manners and customs of our ancestors; and perhaps the most distinguished antiquaries of the reigns of Elizabeth and James the First, were those whose acquirements on these subjects were the most extensive and profound.'

But however important the pursuit of heraldry, such a subject cannot become popular, nor can those whose time has been almost occupied in researches connected with it, expect to obtain that attention from the public generally, which they would have met with, had they devoted themselves to popular

literature. Augustine Vincent was undoubtedly a most laborious and a talented man, or he could never have compiled two hundred and thirty volumes from ancient records for the Herald's College; but his life possesses little or no incident, he was born about the year 1784, and died Jan. 11, 1825-6. We have no room to enter into the famous controversy in which Vincent took so decided a part, between Camden, the author of the *Britannia*, and Ralph Brook, York herald; though it may excite the attention of those who concern themselves with 'the quarrels of authors.' Mr. N. has done his part with great credit to himself, and we hope that the sale of this Memoir will more than answer his expectations.

A popular Introduction to Algebra. By H. OTTLEY. 12mo. pp. 48. London, 1827. B. Steill.

The principal recommendation of this little pamphlet is its cheapness: it contains the first principles of algebra, and may be useful to those who intend not to proceed beyond them.

A general Table of the Spanish Verbs. By DON ANTONIO MUNOZ DE SOTOMAYOR.

A LARGE sheet containing both the regular and irregular verbs, with some general remarks and necessary notes. Those who wish to cultivate a knowledge of the Spanish language will do well to procure this Table.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Lettres sur les Elections Anglaises, &c. Paris, 1827. Sautelet.

Letters upon English Elections, and on the Situation of Ireland. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 268. London, 1827. Rolandi.

NOTHING can equal the surprise of a foreigner the first time of witnessing an English election. All that he sees and hears is so new to him, that he may recall to mind the *comices comitia* of the Romans, and fancy himself transported to ancient Rome, at the moment when the people assembled in the Forum are about to give their tumultuous suffrages. Let any one, in fact, think of the state of England at the time of a general election; towns, cities, and boroughs, transformed into fields of battle, the entire population in motion, and crowding from all parts, throngs of the curious filling all the squares, roads, and streets; innumerable carriages, richly emblazoned and filled with electors, rolling through the towns and country places, followed by the shouts and acclamations of the multitude; the cities and boroughs given up to tumult and confusion, more resembling places taken by storm; immense crowds, often disgusting from drunkenness and debauchery, tumbling about at the foot of vast platforms, from which four, ten, or twenty competitors are delivering those artificial harangues, those captious discourses which the ancient orators knew so well how to employ when they wished to gain the favours of the populace of Athens or Rome. Let us call to mind the manœuvres of the candidates to ensure their election, and the abuses of all sorts, to which our electoral code is subjected, and then let us applaud the foreigner, who, after being an

eye-witness of the furious and obstinate contest for Southwark, the scandalous scenes at Preston, and the sanguinary struggles at Appleby, has yet been able to form a judgment free from prejudice upon English elections, and to describe, with equal frankness, both the vices and the benefits which he beheld.

'English elections,' says he, 'display all that is most noble and most vile, most serious and most burlesque, all that is best as well as all that is the worst. On one hand gross orgies, a market where consciences are offered to the highest bidder, a hideous picture of disorders, tumults, and brutality; on the other, a tribunal erected in a public square, the people initiated into state affairs, and the noble spectacle of a free and intelligent nation called upon to decide its own destinies.'

French elections have nothing in common with ours; beyond Dover straits there are none of those popular scenes so common among us. France is a nation that has had but a small portion of liberty accorded to it, and the people exercise their rights under the eyes of their masters, and with all the calm and timidity of slavery. As with us, the clergy there sometimes influence the elections, but corruption and violence are exercised by the government, not by private persons. There you will never see a candidate spending £80,000 to insure his election, and evading the law against corruption, by 'paying an elector, as was practised at Sudbury, £10 for four cabbages, and £24 for a plate of gooseberries.' There you will not see members, as in several counties here, despatching their partisans at an early hour to fill up the roads leading to the hustings, in order to prevent the friends of their adversaries from having any access to them; or, as took place at Guildford—occupying all the carriages, so as to deprive them of the means of transporting their electors. Finally, no great French noble, duke, earl, or baron, has it in his power, like Earls Derby and Grosvenor or Lord Lonsdale, to dispose of the suffrages of a whole county. It is to the profit of the minister, and by means of agents, that French elections are made—English ones are for the profit of the nation, and are made by the nation itself; consequently, since the restoration, France has been advancing rapidly towards despotism, whilst this country enjoys its liberty, and endeavours to effect useful reforms.

The Author of *Letters upon the English Elections* shows himself throughout an enlightened friend of England, and whether he follows Sir Robert Wilson in his canvass for the borough of Southwark, or assists at the election of his friend, Mr. Brougham, or draws the picture of the chairing of Mr. Blackburn, he always expresses sentiments favourable to the inhabitants of this island:—

'What particularly struck me during the canvass, was the deep impression that all the artists seemed to entertain of their rights and of the high functions which they were exercising; they almost all listen to the solicitations of the candidate with a serious and reserved air; whether they have taken their resolutions or not, they are careful never to interrupt him; it is easy to see that they enjoy the homage paid to the

and they are determined to enjoy it to the end. Then, with the dignity of a minister who is granting a favour, "Well, sir, you shall have it." That day aggrandizes them in their own eyes.

The author also well comprehends in what the security of England consists, and what counteracts the vices that are to be found in her political organization, viz. publicity and opinion:—

"They explain every thing," says he, "without them I understand nothing. Were the English press to be restrained, the citizens to be forbidden to deliver speeches in public, or to assemble together as they please, and were elections to be secret and silent—we should soon behold Venice in place of London. Yet the same forms would remain, and more than one publicist would still pride himself upon the balance of power."

Such is France at present; in that country, it is true none of those ridiculous distinctions are known which are here essential to the qualification of an elector, and which cause a citizen who possesses ten, twenty, or a hundred houses in the city, to be debarred that right of suffrage which is enjoyed by the possessor of a single house in Westminster or Southwark. It is not requisite to be a liveryman, as in the city of London, or a master of arts, as at Oxford and Cambridge. In France you will never see, as in certain counties here, forty-shilling electors exercising their electoral rights with ten or twenty thousand persons, or as in several boroughs, a rich proprietor, his steward, and coachmen, the sole electors.

The French provinces are represented more equally; they know nothing of those monstrous anomalies which occasion Westminster, with a population of one hundred and eighty thousand souls, to be represented by the same number of members as Old Sarum, which does not reckon more than a dozen electors; or of those whimsical contradictions, by means of which universal suffrage is granted to the inhabitants of Preston, whilst the whole population of Manchester is deprived of the right of voting. But the French elections, like the English ones, have their *mushrooms*, which are not like those at Leicester or in Westmoreland, influenced by a corporation or a powerful noble, but by the prefects, the immediate agents of governments, and authors of all the corruptions and electoral frauds, whose conduct the electors have not, as in England, the privilege of criticising, or the advantage of making public*.

* The mode of election in France is not generally understood. The qualification for an elector is the annual payment of three hundred francs in direct taxes, and he must be thirty years of age. The whole body of electors paying three hundred francs and upwards, return about three hundred representatives; and about one hundred and fifty other members are chosen by one fourth of the richest of these electors, or those who pay the highest sums in taxes, so that the wealthiest vote for both classes of members. Candidates must be forty years of age. The lists of qualified persons are made out by the officers of government, and where ministerial influence is intended to prevail, the adverse electors are frequently omitted; they can appeal, but impediments are thrown in the way, so as to retard or prevent them from exercising their right. Various other stratagems are also at times played off. In the last election of General Lafayette, the real number of electors amounted to five hundred, while they were declared to be only two

The English electoral system has something noble and vigorous about it widely different from the French. The custom which obliges candidates publicly to state their political principles, the power which the people enjoy of obliging them to give an account of their past conduct, the right which every elector has of examining the votes, are so many guarantees of the liberty of the public, and which do not extend beyond Dover Straits. Who in France would dare to let the government hear such energetic words as were addressed, during the last election, by young Lord Howick, to the freemen of Northumberland, assembled at Alnwick. "The English," says our young traveller, "are almost as fond of speeches as the Spaniards are of processions, or the French of military reviews." Were this sentence strictly true, it would contain the finest eulogium that could be passed upon a nation; for political speeches can only be appreciated by a well-informed people, who know the extent of their rights and of their duties; whilst processions are only pleasing to ignorant and superstitious populations, and military reviews the amusement of a nation unfortunate enough to prefer the iron of pikes, which shed blood, to ploughshares, which would procure them bread. Spain, blinded by its priests, may still be fond of processions, but France, awakened from its dreams of glory, and having learned, by experience, that a nation is led on to servitude beneath triumphal arches, has abandoned the baubles of victory for the more useful labours of trade.

The Letters upon Elections occupy but half the volume we have now before us, being followed by Letters upon the Situation of Ireland, in which are manifested the same independence of opinion and elevation of sentiment. The author paints Ireland in the truest colours and most picturesque style, and though a warm advocate for emancipation, he does not conceal the vices of the people, the fanaticism of the priests, or the interested views of some of the chiefs. The portraits of Shiel and O'Connell appear to us to be traced by a master hand; and this second portion of the volume would be free from all blame, if the statistical details, relative to Ireland, were more complete. Previous to being collected into a volume, these Letters upon Elections and upon Ireland had already appeared in *Le Globe*, a journal published in Paris, and edited with much talent and independence, by the old pupils of *L'école Normale*. As we know that M. Prosper Duvergier is one of the writers in this journal, and that he was present, together with his friend, the Duke de Montebello, at the last elections at Southwark, Preston, and Appleby; that he afterwards went to Ireland, and that he is intimate with Sir Robert Wilson and Mr. Brougham, whom he mentions so frequently; we are persuaded that he is the author of the work we have been reviewing, and not Le Comte Lavalette, as *The Times* would have us believe.

hundred and eighty; but, notwithstanding this encroachment, the general gained his election by a majority of one.—REV.

Novelle Scelte del Decamerone di Boccaccio, Purificate ed Illustrate di Note Inglesi e di Spiegazioni de Passaggi più Oscuri, per Uso della Gioventù. Da M. SANTAGNELLO. In 8. Londra, 1827. Rolandi.

Passatempo Morali, ossia Scelta di Novelle e Storie Piacevoli da Autori Celebri Inglesi e Francesi, Tradotte ad uso delle Giovani, Studiose della lingua Italiana. In 8. Londra, 1827. Hailes.

AMONGST the numerous editions of the Decameron of Boccaccio which have already been published, the one which we here announce merely offers a selection of novels, the perusal of which may be allowed to young persons who are studying Italian, as the editor, with judicious care, has omitted all that border on the licentious. It is well known that this author's style is the true model of grace and purity. The varied multiplicity of words, the happy choice of phrases, the judicious use of particles, cannot be too much recommended to the study of those who purpose writing in the same language, but they should also be warned to avoid the forms of the Latin period, which it is to be regretted that Boccaccio so much abused. Another sort of interest attaches to these novels, for if the philologist finds in them a reunion of richness, elegance, and force of language, the moralist discovers in them a faithful delineation of the manners, opinions, and prejudices of the period at which they were written. It is forming a wrong judgment of Boccaccio to suppose that when he wrote his Decameron, he had no other aim in view but the amusement of his contemporaries; on the contrary, it was their manners, characters, passions, vices, virtues, faults, and foibles, that he wished to paint; this he succeeded in effecting, and he also contrived to impart to his pictures all the lustre of his own genius. It is still a matter of dispute among some writers, whether Boccaccio borrowed the whole or a portion of the subjects which comprise his tales, from the Arabs or the Provenceaux; as if the follies of mankind, which he portrays in such lively colours, belonged exclusively to one particular epoch in history; or, as if it were necessary for a penetrating and observing mind to have recourse to the fabulists of the last, or the troubadours of the middle age, in order to discern that there are in society such characters as ignorant men, corrupt monks, imbecile judges, dishonest dealers, skilful pilferers, and all sorts of parasites, rogues, and adventurers! Boccaccio threw a philosophical *coup-d'œil* over the private life of his contemporaries, and then wrote; nor can he be accused of calumniating them, for he places the good beside the bad, and when an opportunity offers for paying homage to virtue and to the dignity of human nature he never neglects it. He was the Addison of his time, with this difference, that the English moralist, writing in a more liberal and philosophical age, could delineate by reasoning upon principles, whilst Boccaccio could only introduce his pictures by relating anecdotes, and was often obliged to envelop them in allegories.

The work entitled *Passatempo Morali*, or a

Selection of Novels translated from the English or French, merits praise of another kind. This translation is by a lady, whose modesty induces her to conceal her name, and if we cannot accord to her collection the same literary importance as to the tales of the immortal Florentine, she at least deserves commendation for the discernment she has manifested in selecting stories suitable to young persons, for whose use the work is specially intended. The moral is pure, and the style correct, to which may be added the merit of having surmounted a great difficulty; all which denotes knowledge, perseverance, and a talent for observation.

ORIGINAL.

PRIVATE LETTER FROM PARIS.

The Censorship—a condemned article. New Work. Opening of the English Theatre in Paris: Liston, Abbott, &c.

It were now vain to consult our daily journals, or periodical publications, in order to learn what may be the state of public opinion, and of the progress of the arts and of literature in France, during the reign of the blessed Censorship, and while it is allowed to exercise its gentle and benevolent influence, the public voice can no longer be heard; for no sooner does public thought spring into life, than its existence is cut off by the merciless scissors of this hideous monster. The very word *liberty* mentioned in any public print is sufficient to excite the indignation of our ministers; and the jesuits interdict, as likely to endanger public happiness, not only the publication, but even the mere announcement of any work relating to morality, history, or philosophy.

The number of the articles which have been rejected by the censorship, since its establishment, is truly appalling. A hundred pamphlets have been, and a thousand more might be published from the materials condemned by this thought-killing institution.

I sent you last week a few of these wrecks of public opinion; but it appears that the French cabinet feels anxious to save England as well as France, from the dangers which may arise from too great a degree of liberty; for I have just learnt that the Custom House officers, at Calais, considering the 'shreds and patches' of the public mind as contraband, have laid their hands upon them. Thus, while we, in France, are forbidden to *speak*, you, good people of England, are not allowed to *hear*, and could our government have its own way, all Europe would become as it were, one common deaf and dumb institution.

The police are, however, mistaken, if they think they can entirely suppress the public voice; its sounds, in spite of their efforts, shall reach your shores, and your more free journals, publishing to all Europe the articles suppressed by the censorship, must, if such a thing be possible, bring a blush upon the cheeks of these literary tyrants, by exposing their wicked, but unavailing efforts to suppress one of the greatest blessings society ever enjoyed—the liberty of the press.

Among the wise actions of this sapient

body, allow me to make your readers acquainted with the following fact:—

The celebrated violin player, Alexander Boucher, was not a little surprised, on reading the History of the National Guard, lately published by M. Comte, to find his name included in the list of the most formidable and detested terrorists. It was soon found that two names, Alexander and Boucher, which ought to have been separated, were printed on the same line; and Mr. Alexander Boucher, naturally anxious to clear his name from the odium which such an accident would attach to it, wrote a letter on the subject to the public journals. In this, he merely stated, that, being born in 1773, and being, at the period mentioned by the historian, only thirteen years of age, he could have taken no active part in the ranks of Robespierre; and that, moreover, the Boucher alluded to by M. Comte, had received on the scaffold the punishment due to his crimes. This letter was suppressed by the censorship!! Not because M. Boucher had a private enemy, or a jealous rival among the censors; but because the letter mentioned a work previously condemned by the censorship, and because the National Guard having been broken by Charles X., its very name must be effaced from the memory of men. Thus it appeared of little consequence to those men, that the name of an honest, and, probably, a meritorious man, should be held up to public execration; but it was not to be allowed that the French people should be reminded there ever existed such a body as the National Guard; or that M. Comte had ever published a book, (now read by all the Parisians,) which might be purchased at a certain bookseller's, in a certain street of Paris.

I shall take the first opportunity of making you and your readers acquainted with this excellent work of M. Comte, as well as one on the French Revolution, by M. Montgailard, and several others, condemned by the gentlemen of the censorship. In the meantime, I recommend to your readers the perusal of a posthumous work of General Jomini, just published by Anselin, and which may serve as a refutation to the miserable Life of Napoleon, by Walter Scott, a work now justly censured and despised by all Europe.

But let us pass from the wrangling field of politics to the more pleasing one of public enjoyment. Your countrymen have, at length, commenced their theatrical campaign in Paris, and I rejoice to say, their success has been as complete as it was deserved. Sheridan's comedy of *The Rivals*; *She Stoops to Conquer*, and the farce of *Fortune's Frolic*, have all been ably and successfully performed. Mr. Abbott came forward and addressing the audience, in French, claimed the indulgence of a French audience for those departures from the strict rules which are observed by one and disregarded by the other of two nations 'worthy of each other's esteem.' This appeal was received with immense applause, and during the performance, Liston, Abbott, Power, Mason, Miss Smithson, and Miss Brindal, frequently received the same marks of public

approbation. The house was filled to an overflow, and the English performers will continue to have good houses, if they do not fail soon to perform such tragedies as *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Othello*, and *King John*. The language of passion is more easily understood than the sallies of wit, or the expressions of ridicule; not that we should be deprived from seeing the comedies of Sheridan, 'whose Irish imagination,' to use the happy language of one of our critics, 'gave to all he wrote, as well as to all he said, a charm which can only be compared to the effervescence produced in the glass, by a rich and sparkling wine.' But we should prefer, even to *The School for Scandal*, the tragedies of Shakespeare, with whose masterly compositions we had already become acquainted in the closet, and which we need only see represented on the stage, fully to understand and feel their beauty.

NELL GWYN.

THE singular coincidence of the mother of the first, and the wife of the present Duke of St. Albans being of the same profession, the following similarities, as characteristics of these fortunate fair ones, may not be entirely unworthy of notice.

Mrs. Eleanor Gwyn was eminently charitable in her prosperity,—so was Miss Melon—so was Mrs. Coutts—so is the Duchess of St. Albans.

Miss Melon, whilst on a professional excursion at one of the provincial towns, made a morning visit to the wife of one of the actors, who was in distress. In the same house, which was let in tenements, some poor lodger having experienced a sudden accident, a medical gentleman immediately attended, to administer to the sufferer, when, among other necessities, flannel was ordered. The parties had none, and were too poor to purchase, when Miss M., retiring to a back room, immediately returned with a supply, torn into slips, and presenting them, observed to the wife, 'here good woman, is what is required—apply it instantly, for it is well aired.' Need it be added, she had taken off her own petticoat. The promptitude of this act, could only have originated in a kind and generous heart, which, acting from pure impulse, admitted no squeamish thought of impropriety, to check the current of her native benevolence. She added from her purse that which afforded further relief.

Eleanor Gwyn, is said to have been mainly instrumental to the founding of Chelsea Hospital. The king (Charles II.) had long projected that noble institution, but his procrastinating spirit was not suffered to rest until he set about it, her active exertions rousing him to begin that work of mercy—and, when begun, she used all her influence to urge him to its completion.

Mrs. Coutts was known for her liberal consideration towards public performers; at private entertainments, she not only rewarded them liberally, but, by her example, excited others to do the like.

Eleanor Gwyn's similar kind offices are upon record; among others, the following is not the least amusing; she was, at times,

the gayest creature of all the 'white squadron' of Charles's thoughtless court:

Roman, (cognomined in his old age, Solemn Roman) in his youth was famed for his voice. He was one evening appointed to sing some part in a concert of music, at the private lodgings of Mrs. Gwyn, at which were only present the King, the Duke of York, and one or two more who were usually admitted upon those detached parties of pleasure. When the performance was ended, the king expressed himself highly pleased, and gave it extraordinary commendations. 'Then, sir,' said the lady, 'to show you don't speak like a courtier, I hope you will make the performers a handsome present.' The king said, he had no money about him, and asked of the duke if he had any? To which the duke replied, I believe, sir, not above a guinea or two. Upon which the laughing lady, turning to the people about her, and making bold with the king's common expression, cried, 'Od's fish! what company am I got into?'

THE LATE G. CANNING, Esq.

[THE following lines, from the pen of the venerable the Archdeacon Wrangham, to the memory of the late George Canning, Esq., have been transmitted to us as an extract from the forthcoming volume of *The Amulet*.]

Theme of all tongues and object of all eyes,
In dust the eloquent, the powerful lies!
And shall he fall, the star of our bright sphere,
Without 'the meed of a melodious tear';
His glory like a meteor-blaze expire,
Though all instinct with pure celestial fire?
No; feebly as this grief-worn strain may flow,
Still shall it speak one bosom's pious woe.
Genius of Albion, in what distant dell
Loiter'd thy footsteps, when thy Canning fell?
Why flew'st thou not, on angel-wing, to save
Thy champion-son from his untimely grave?
Born to rebuke the vicious and the vain,
These with his light, and those with graver strain;
If folly writhed beneath his playful song,
Or furious faction dyed his scorpion thong—
Alike his hand, his heart, to virtue given,
Resistless struck for England and for Heaven.
What though no longer 'mid the frantic tide
His languid grasp thy struggling helm might guide,
When faint with fever'd agony he lay,
And burning anguish drank his life away;
His thoughts were still, dear native land, with thee:
Still did he pour the prayer thou might'st be free—
He could not live to hail thy swelling state;
But thou, he felt, would'st mourn his early fate.
For Canning lost, lerne, raise thy moan;
Weep, Lusitania, weep thy hero gone;
For him, Columbia, shed thy bitterest tear;
Thy sorrows, Hellas, vent upon his bier;
Yours were his daily nightly toils. When pain
Renounced (brief pause!) its empire o'er the brain,
The transient calm of his immortal mind
Was spent on you, his country, and mankind.
For those, by faction or by malice led,
Whose demon hoof insults the sacred dead—
Be theirs to see for many a year to come
A grateful nation cluster round his tomb,
There duly hang the well-earned wreath of fame,
And grace their happiest births by Canning's name.

QUEER THINGS

Sometimes take place in the Streets of London.

I WAS walking one day—sauntering rather—among the new improvements in the neighbourhood of Charing Cross, &c. &c.—By the way, how came our sapient architects to thrust the portico of the new College of Physicians, though not far enough from the body of the building to give either apparent meaning, or effective beauty to that ornamental appendage, yet so far as to cut off (minus one column and a half) all view of the fine porch of St. Martin's Church, even from the hither end of primitive Pall Mall?—Is not this an architectural queer thing? What says Monsieur Taste?—But to proceed.—Just as I was passing Waterloo House—Posterity, perhaps, may think it another queer thing, that such a name should be given to a shop of tapes and ribbons!—But, as I was passing Waterloo ribbon-shop, what should I see but a little restive Scotch or Galloway pony kicking up fore and hind legs alternately, till he had thrown his groom-looking rider flat, as dead as a flounder, at his length, on the smooth slaining of Mac-Adam, that his Gallowayship might go a Waterlooming also; for into the shop he cantered forthright, among all the throng of lady customers, to the no small dismay of the cheapeners of cap and bonnet gear, and all *etcetera*. And certainly pathetically amusing enough it was, to see the delicate sweet creatures (many of whom never suspected themselves, perchance, of being capable of such nimble vaulting,) spring, instanter, like so many petticoat harlequins, over the counters, to right and left, and into the arms, as it were, of the astonished (perhaps delighted) shop-men, (*par courtesie*, so called) who never dreamt, *per die*, of so loving an assault on the vantage side of their Waterloo trenches. But there the sweet creatures—the dear invaders—all but one, who being near the glass door, stepped dexterously behind it, and drew it, as a safeguard, before her, standing erect in a glazed triangular frame, like a *rara avis* in a museum—there they were, the sweet creatures, panting and fluttering in all the interesting agitation of their fears—till one of the more heroic of the *he-shopwomen*, the *male amazon* of his tribe, took his leap also, in the opposite direction, seized the little black Bucephalus by the snaffle, and led him back again, somewhat more deliberately than he came, to the proper out-o'-door region of his ambling and curvetting—where, Mac-Adam be praised! with bones unbroken, his late ejected rider was ready to resume the saddle.

My tender solicitude for the dear creatures was now briefly soothed, by seeing them all deliberately return to their proper side of the barriers, with as much decorous attention now to skirts and ancles as they had before exhibited indifference about calves and garters, (which latter, of course, were all below knee, or they could never have been seen by my modest eyes!) The danger thus over, I trust it will not be thought any violent impeachment of my chivalrous, or my Arcadian sympathies, (for I am both *preux chevalier* and *nursling* of the groves,) that I could not

help indulging a hearty laugh at the queer adventure. At any rate, I confess that I shook my sides pretty freely; and then, marvelling whether, by chance, any matter for a novel, with a catastrophe at Gretna Green, might, by possibility, arise out of these unexpected close encounters between well-dressed nymphs alarmed and protecting haberdashers, I turned round, in the opposite direction, in order to soothe my nerves, to indulge my sentimentality with a walk in the Park, by Rosamond's Pond, of course, and the nine trees, yclept the Wilderness,—for where else, in the purlieus of cockneyshire, could sentimentality propose to meditate.

Now I am equally tired of looking at the old dilapidated rubbishing brick palace, and the huge, new, unfinished, square, nondescript, stone mansion, in its vicinity, with its four incongruous fronts, all unlike to each other, and to any thing else but themselves,—its effeminate columns, of the new slim *no-style*, or order, that answer no other conceivable purpose but of darkening the windows and filling up the space where else might be a promenading balcony or viranda, and, *above all*, its ramparted cob-castle on the roof—another accumulation of queer things! So I resolved to go the St. James's Place way, through the sometimes open private passage, directly midway into the Green Park at once—which I thought would be 'doing the romantic,' in the best way that circumstances in this meridian permit.

So away I lounged towards St. James's Passage, half prepared to be poetical about trees and green slopes and Lilliputian fleets sailing, self-directed, upon Rosamond's Pond,—when, lo! queer things again! a phenomenon, if not more picturesque, more romantically sublime—

Than trees, or slopes, or Lilliputian fleets
Instinct, self-mov'd on sea of Rosamond's Pond,
arrested my progress half way: a phenomenon not unaccompanied in its sublimities with incident for pathetic elegy; but such as without a journey to the boiling founts of Ghesur, or some such far-recorded region I little expected to encounter:—

For from the yawning street's disruptive pavement!

(I really must, to 'do the sublime,' on this occasion—but, though sublime, not fabulous.)

High over house-top tall, impetuous rush'd,
Voluminous and bright, a vast *jet-d'eau*!

Not such a *jet-d'eau* as squirts upwards, through little pipes, from the mouths of gods and goddesses, at Versailles; or downward, from still smaller pipe of naked marble boy, in the market-place of Brucellas,—but truly and soberly speaking, a magnificent upward-rushing torrent:—for the main pipe had burst in the centre of the street, and the water gushing forth in a somewhat slope direction, was battering the whole width of the front of one of the houses, from the first-floor windows to the chimney top, while the refracted sun was painting the well-drenched wall with shifting rainbows, and diversifying, with prismatic hues, the scattering vapours that cooled the surrounding air.

It was really to us without, a grand and beautiful sight, but not quite so agreeable, I

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suppose, to those within; for the basement story was already flooded, waistband deep—alas! for those who do not waistbands wear!—while those, above stairs, were trembling, no doubt, for the crown-glass windows and furniture of their more stately apartments.

But now comes the episode for elegy and pathos.

A bird cage was standing on the parapet, whose little tenant (placed there, perchance, for benefit of sun and air,) shall warble now no more! Even at this aerial height, the deluging element had swept him from his perch, and whelmed him in a watery grave. And surely it may be recorded in the chronicle of queer things, that even in a comparatively elevated part of this inland metropolis, a bird should be drowned in his cage on the parapet of a four story house—to say nothing of cooks and butlers having need for a boat to float them in kitchen and in pantry!

But what can escape the decrees of destiny. Every child has heard, or may have heard, from nurse-wife 'skilled in legendary lore,' how a certain only son, of whom it had been prophetically revealed, that he should die a watery death, being left alone only for a few hours, in the high attic, to which he was precautionarily confined, fell down upon the hearth, where an upspringing well was suddenly and miraculously formed for the completion of his destiny; thus awfully and marvellously demonstrating, that those only who are born to be hanged, can be sure that they shall not be drowned.

TO ADELE.

'Seared in heart and love and blighted,
More than this I scarce can die.'—BYRON.

AND was it well to turn aside,
From one so loved of late,
With bitter heart, whose stifled pride,
Too soon engenders hate,
And leave me as thou didst but now,
With angry glance and clouded brow.
But even this cannot efface
The bliss that from thee sprung,
When lip to lip, in fond embrace,
All tremblingly we clung,
And panting souls bewildered grew,
With joy they from each other drew.
Can I forget that burning hour,
Whose very tears were sweet,
When faint with love's entrancing power,
I worshipped at thy feet,
And felt all earth and heaven to me,
Absorbed in one wild dream of thee?
No! but where now that tender sigh,
That from thy bosom sped?
Where now that soft and glist'ning eye
Hath all its fondness fled?
Well may those thoughts like lightning burn,
Where past and present reign by turn.
Alas! alas! I could have borne
Affliction's deepest sting,
And smiled at every ill in scorn
That earthly grief could bring,
My dearest hopes from me estranged
Were nought, wert thou but still unchanged.
But chilling look and altered eye,
Alas! I cannot bear,
From one whose smile brought blessing nigh,
Whose frown awakes despair,
And now my heart might cease to beat,
My woe can scarce be more complete. G. D. R.

A COMPARISON BETWEEN THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY AND WASHINGTON IRVING.

THESE two writers have, by Lord Byron, been pronounced to be the two best prose authors of English literature; but what are the principal distinguishing features that strike us in the perusal of each? The author of *Waverley* seems to me to possess a loftier imagination; Irving's seems more under control. The first is more strikingly, the second more correctly, more uniformly beautiful. The one resembles a natural landscape, wild, rich, rugged, soft, sublime; the other is like the luxuriant scenery of England, abounding in all the mingled beauties of water and wood, cottages and palaces, verdant pastures, and woody dales; he is varied, but it is the variety of art, an art which we admire, because it is unobtrusive, and whilst it heightens the beauty of every object, makes that beauty almost all its own. Both are witty, but the one overflows with genuine humour that loves to revel among the endless variety of characters, and to paint them to the life; the other has a polished delicacy of taste and a quickness of apprehension by which he can instantaneously, and, as it were, intuitively catch the ludicrous side of the object, discover in it fugitive associations remote from common observation, and brighten with the playful light of his own conceptions every subject which he handles. The *Sketch-book* is the work of a mind naturally possessed of feeling, taste, and imagination, which, like the bee, culls the sweets of every flower, and therewith composes a sweet but artificial nectar. The Scotch novelist appears to me as a mind whose every feeling is vivid and impetuous, whose every thought is profound, whose aspirations are lofty. He seems to be under the control of a power to which every common mind must bow and pay the tribute of its affections and sympathies. He feels it, and it is to give vent to that rush of genius on the soul that he writes, like some visitant from above, who lights upon our globe but to bestow upon it that immortal charm of heavenly beauty which belongs only to his native sphere. Irving is like a polished mirror, which receives the hue of every surrounding object, and faithfully reflects every image with greater delicacy of form; but the other is the light itself which sweeps over the varied face of nature, and leaves its own bright track wherever it goes. Geoffrey Crayon is most in his element when he has to give a new and beautiful turn to thoughts long known, to express feelings which find an echo in every heart, to picture the beauties of a rich landscape or the delights of social life, or to represent with all the poignancy of satire, the inconsistencies of character, the anomalies, the failings and the redeeming virtues of the moral and political world. The other delights most in whatever is strange or fantastic. He, too, can describe every day scenes and common characters without uniformity and tameness, but it is upon the creations of his own exuberant fancy that he loves to linger, and to accumulate those master-touches of his gifted pencil which almost bring them like living realities before us.

T. E. S.

FINE ARTS.

MR. SASS, whose merit as the founder and preceptor of the best private academy for the study of the antique figure, that has yet been established in England, has recently made some important changes and improvements in his studio and gallery.

There is an advantage, and that a most important one, in the construction of the drawing academy of this well conducted establishment, namely, the plan for the admission of the light.

We have not yet seen these improvements, but, on the authority of those who have, and who are competent to speak upon the subject, we venture to say, that never has the figure been better displayed, than at the studio of this very able and most zealous preceptor.

The Apollo, we are assured, was never seen in so fine and painter-like a light, as at Mr. Sass's gallery. We speak here of the cast, of course. At Rome, the glorious original is viewed, confined as it is, in a small chamber, under an angle of light of about eighty degrees. At Paris, the same figure was lighted from a side window, and at about the same angle, and, though the approach to it was grand, yet it lost much of its dignity and effect, from the circumstance of its being illuminated nearly from behind. At the gallery of Mr. Sass, his fine plaster cast of this figure, is so placed as to receive the light at an angle of forty-five degrees, which, thrown upon its noble front, produces a wonderfully striking effect, and such as is eminently calculated to render it an object of scientific study.

Under the same angle of light, too, Mr. Sass has judiciously set up his cast of the magnificent group—that triumph of ancient Grecian art, the Laocoon and his two Sons.

With such studies for imitation, and the advantage of so competent an instructor, we are not surprised at the many well wrought models, and masterly drawings, which we have seen of late years, the ingenious works of the disciples of this very superior academy of art.

ENGRAVINGS.

NOTWITHSTANDING that the present season of the year is not the most favourable to publishers of works in the fine arts, several very admirable engravings have recently made their appearance; and the shop windows of the various print-sellers have still a very attractive character. The publications, also, which are formed half by the efforts of the writer and half by those of the artist, continue to assert their periodical claims on our notice and on our admiration, and we are sure that we cannot please our readers better than by devoting a column of our paper to this interesting subject.

The Passes of the Alps, No. 3. By WILLIAM BROCKEDON. London, 1827. Rodwell.

IN a former number of *The Literary Chronicle*, we entered at some length into the merits of this interesting and beautiful publication, in which we scarcely know whether

most to admire the high talents of the artist, or the ability of the writer. It will be unnecessary for us, therefore, to say more than that the third number fully maintains the character which the work obtained at its outset, and as fully justifies us in our anticipations of its complete success. Indeed the number before us is a considerable improvement on those by which it has been preceded, both as regards the engravings and descriptions which they illustrate; so highly do we esteem the literary portion of the work, that we shall shortly take an opportunity of laying it under the notice of our readers, in the earlier columns of our paper. The number contains *The Pass of the Mont-Cenis*.—*Lyons*, engraved by Edward Finden, is an extremely interesting plate, but it strikes us that the gables in the foreground are altogether too large.—*The Ascent to the grand Croix*, is also very beautiful and excellently engraved by Redaway.—*The Monastery of St. Michael* makes a sweet print, it is engraved by Edward Finden, whose efforts have so successfully contributed to assist those of Mr. Brockedon.

England and Wales, No. 2. From Drawings, by J. M. W. TURNER, R. A.; with descriptive and historic Illustrations, by H. E. LLOYD, Esq. London, 1827. Jennings.

THE second number of this beautiful and valuable work contains engravings of *Colchester* by Robert Wallis, *the Fall of the Tees* by E. Goodall, *Richmond* (in Yorkshire) by W. R. Smith, and *Lancaster* by Varrall,—they are all amongst the very best specimens of landscape engravings. We prefer Mr. Wallis's plate to either of the series. Goodall's is not a very interesting subject, and it appears to be deficient in that force and effect which this distinguished artist so generally produces; there are parts of this engraving, however, which are perhaps equal to any thing he has done. Although the literary portion of the work is very limited in extent, it is written in the happiest style, and as far as its goes is full of matter.

Wolves, 'gnarling which shall gnaw the first,' engraved by RICHARD PARR, from a drawing by HOWITT. London, 1827. Moon. For this engraving, Mr. Parr (who has thus made his debut as an engraver,) was presented with the medal of the society of arts, and we have no hesitation in saying that if he proceed with energy and industry, he will in time attain the highest rank in his profession. There is a degree of force and boldness in this first display of his skill, that would do credit to a much more experienced artist,—and although the print simply represents two very uninteresting animals, he has contrived to render it a very pleasing and agreeable publication.

The Will o' the Wisp, engraved by GELLER, from a painting, by EGERTON. Moon. We remember noticing this painting at the Suffolk Street Gallery, during the late exhibition.—It has now been engraved in a very admirable manner, save that the supernatural character of the fiend is too distinctly made out.

The Contented Captive, painted by H. CORBOULD, engraved by JOHN BROMLEY. Ackermann.

THE original of this beautiful picture was, if we recollect rightly, exhibited at the Royal Academy, about three years since. The subject is taken from Lord Byron's *Childe Harold*—

"Tamed to her cage, nor feels a wish to rove,
For, not unhappy in her master's love,
And joyful in a mother's gentlest cares,—
Blest cares! all other feelings far above!"

and represents a Turkish mother, surrounded by her children, and those eastern luxuries, which contribute to make captivity bearable without repining. The story is treated in a very pleasing manner, and with all the care and ability which a distinguished and delightful artist has been able to bring to the work; but the engraver does not appear so well to have discharged his duty, there is a want of force about his work, a fault which we are sure was not in the picture.

Mr. Moon is preparing for publication a series of libels on the human race, in the shape of prints, representing monkeys engaged in those affairs of life which men commonly regard as the most important; they are etched and designed by Thomas Landseer,—and are, we believe, to be entitled *Men in Miniature*.—Colnaghi and Son are soon to publish a mezzotint print, from Sir Thomas Lawrence's picture of Mr. Peel; this will be a very desirable acquisition, as we are at present without any good likeness of this distinguished statesman.—Mr. Griffiths has announced for publication, a series of views of Hampton Court and Bushy Park, from drawings, by H. B. Zeigler.—Mr. Bulcock is about to publish a lithographic print, of very great merit, from the celebrated picture of *The Misers*.—Colnaghi and Son will, in the course of the season, publish a magnificent print from Turner's picture of *Tivoli*; it is expected to be a *chef-d'œuvre* of the artist school of landscape engraving. Mr. Goodall has, we understand, received no less than 800*l.* for his labour, and, we believe, he has been employed upon it nearly four years.

THE DRAMA.

HAYMARKET.—The *Bride of Fifty* (as we last week predicted) has gone off with much greater *eclat* than brides usually go off at that particular age. The acting of Mrs. W. Clifford, in personating what the vanity of at least nine women out of ten will not induce them to undertake, deserves the greatest praise, and is alone sufficient to stamp her celebrity. It is no slight merit to bear the butt of the story, either on or off the stage. The characters are, however, throughout sustained with all that vivacity which distinguishes the business of this favourite summer theatre. The *Goldsmith* is also bringing a golden harvest, in conjunction with the other attractions of the season.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—The favourite Opera of *The Freebooters* continues to draw good houses at this theatre, notwithstanding the character previously sustained by Phillips has been undertaken by Mr. Thorne. It

would be unfair to institute a comparison between the musical talent of these gentlemen. Mr. Phillips is decidedly the best singer (perhaps excepting Braham) on the English stage, though an indifferent actor,—while Mr. Thorne, though a bustling actor, is a singer of but very mediocre ability, either as to voice or science; still the beautiful melodies and simple harmonies of Paer's music, is so attractive that it would be impossible to spoil it, and *The Freebooters* with Mathews, Miss Kelly, and the other evening stars of this house, bring a nightly bumper to Mr. Arnold's treasury.

SURREY THEATRE.—At this theatre, a little boy, Master Burke, has been recently attracting greater crowds than had been previously brought together even by the united exertions of the veteran actor, Elliston, and a very powerful *corps dramatique*. We visited the theatre a few evenings ago, with all those prejudices which are somewhat naturally called forth, with the idea that an 'infant Roscius' (a title so hackneyed as to have become perfectly revolting,) was to tread the boards for our instruction and amusement, and we do not go too far in saying, that we were never more agreeably surprised and disappointed in our lives. The child—for his age does not exceed nine years, makes his appearance in a piece written for him, by the author of *Malvina*, in which he has to sustain five different characters—a sailor, an Italian music master, a learned doctor of laws, an Irish tutor, and Napoleon Bonaparte.—Barring the last, to use one of the Irish tutor's expressions, which was introduced with much bad taste, and merely for effect, he went through the different parts in a manner that would have done credit to any performer on the stage—not excepting the all-powerful Mr. Mathews himself. It would be useless for us to attempt to describe his performances, they must be seen to be at all appreciated; but this we will venture to say, that all who witness them will be perfectly astonished at the display of powers—both in conception and in execution—so infinitely beyond his years. He has, we understand, recently received some instructions from Mr. Bromley, a distinguished and successful teacher of elocution, and an excellent actor, but with this exception, he is completely self-taught, if such an expression can be so applied.

VARIETIES.

Improved Steam Engine.—Some very important improvements have been made by Mr. W. H. James in the construction of steam engines, for which a patent is obtained. According to a small working model which the inventor has erected in Well Street, Welclose Square, he estimates, that for each horse-power, these engines would not consume more than half a bushel of coals per day; that the consumption of water is also less than in other engines; that the entire weight of the engine and apparatus does not exceed two hundred for each horse power, or one fifth the usual weight; and that the space required for its action is little more than a tenth of Bolton's condensing engines; and the cost is also to be considerably lower

than steam engines generally. If all these promises be realized, Mr. James's engine must prove a most valuable improvement for steam navigation.

Discovery of Tombs.—Three tombs, in good preservation, have lately been discovered at Corneto, fifteen leagues from Rome. On the walls of the first there are paintings, representing games and funeral repasts; and we may judge by the beauty of the workmanship, to what a degree of perfection the art of painting had arrived among the ancient Ethurians. In the second, the paintings are accompanied by inscriptions, which, it is hoped, may throw some light on the primitive language of that people. The third is likewise adorned with very beautiful paintings.—*Gentleman's Mag.*

A building has lately been erected for the Herald's College, near Charing Cross; and on the first Thursday in every month a chapter is held, for discussing heraldic matters.

Mr. Cuvier says, that the Asiatic elephant is fifteen or sixteen feet high. This appears to be a great mistake; elephants in India rarely, if ever, exceed eleven feet in height.—*Asiatic Journal.*

Wonderful Bridge!—A Lancashire engineer offers to undertake the construction of a bridge across the Mersey, at Rancorn, in Cheshire, of *two thousand feet span*, and without any abutments; and, if necessary, he thinks a bridge on the same principle might be constructed a mile in length with one arch! Whether the public can be induced to think the same we are not able to judge, as the engineer very prudently keeps the 'principle' to himself, in order to prevent other engineers from erecting a bridge between Dover and Calais.

Change of Level of the Sea.—It is well known that certain portions of our coasts present evidences of the sea gaining on the land, while in other cases the land appears to have usurped the dominion of the ocean. It is undoubtedly difficult to give a satisfactory explanation of the causes which are adequate to the production of these phenomena. The majority of geologists are of opinion that the deposit of alluvial matter at the bays and estuaries of rivers, during land floods, have been the primary cause of the land encroaching on the former boundaries of the sea, as in many parts of the coasts of Kent, Essex, and Norfolk; while Mr. Robbort, who has communicated some interesting papers on this subject to the Philosophical Magazine, is of opinion that the sea has receded, or that there has been a material reduction in the level of the German ocean since the time of the conquest. In support of this opinion, he observes: that the shore and slip of land on which the town of North Yarmouth stands, was originally a bank thrown up by the sea across the mouth of the river Yare. That supposing the sea to have always maintained its original level; its waves would sweep away at one time what it had washed up at another. And as this part of the coast, though covered with beech, shingle, and sand, has not for several centuries been overflowed either by land floods or by spring tides with gales of wind from the east, he infers that the only adequate explanation is that of a reduction in the level of the adjacent ocean. There are some difficulties in maintaining this hypothesis of Mr. Robbort. Into what other channel has the retiring waters from the coast of Norfolk been diverted? Was it occasioned by the very extensive irruption of the sea on any other part of our coast, and if so, where?

New Acid.—Mr. Hofschlaeger, of Bremen, has discovered, in the seeds of stovesacre, a new acid. It is white, crystalline, volatile at a low temperature, and a small quantity of it excites violent vomiting.—*Journal de Pharmacie.*

Laconics.—A widow and a government are ready, upon all occasions, to tax the new husband, and the new prince, with the merits of their predecessors; unless the former husband was hanged, and the former king sent to grass; and then they bid them *take fair warning* by their destiny.

For a king to engage his people in war, to carry off every little ill-humour of state, is like a physician's ordering his patient an ass-load of pills for every pimple.

Scandal is a never-failing vehicle for dulness. Many a harmless scribbler had died silently among the grocers and trunk-makers, if the libeller had not helped off the poet.

Merit is not always the road to preferment; some men get it by resolving not to be denied, as Scotchmen, by calling again; and as Irishmen obtain heiresses, by hunting them down, as school-boys do squirrels.

We have different notions of Providence: what one man calls a misfortune, another considers a blessing. One as proud as he was poor, going full dressed to a party, was overturned in a hack, just before arriving to his friend's door. This saved him coach-hire, or, what was worse, the necessity of borrowing a shilling, or exposure for bilking the coachman. Hence, until his dying day, he looked upon the accident as the greatest mercy that ever befel him!

Lady.—This title is derived from an old custom of the wives of men of large fortune, who, at their mansions, used, weekly, with their own hands, to serve out to the poor a certain quantity of bread, and were called *lef days*, i. e. bread givers.

A Model.—A lady meeting in the street a gentleman who was frightfully ugly, took him by the hand, and led him to the shop of a statuary, to whom she said, 'just like this,' and departed. The gentleman, astonished, asked the meaning of this; the statuary answered, the lady has employed me to make the figure of the devil; and as I had no *model*, she promised to bring me one.

Distillation.—Among the many absurdities for which patents are often procured, we may mention one taken out last year by a Mr. Evans for 'Improvements in Distillation,' by making use of soaked grain only in lieu of malt. This gentleman surely ought to know that without the development of the saccharine principle of grain by germination or *malting*, there can be no alcohol produced by distillation. We are well aware, that, in order to evade the heavy duty on malt, distillers are sometimes in the habit of using a certain portion of unmalted grain, but the spirit distilled from the wash of crude grain, though apparently of the same *strength* (or specific gravity) is greatly inferior in *quality* to that made from *good* malt; whether barley or oat malt. The bad flavour and 'fiery' whisky-spirit which is now sold in the metropolis in the name of 'English geneva' owes its bad qualities to bad malted grain. It has more of the properties of ether than alcohol, from containing a portion of acid, the result of an imperfect fermentation. Though the best kinds of spirit are sufficiently injurious to the coats of the stomach, yet the common whiskey spirit (alias gin) is infinitely more so from the way in which it is manufactured.

The National Gallery closes this day; and will not be re-opened till Monday, Oct. 29.

Beauty.—Beauty is defined by an ancient painter to be 'a symmetry of limbs, accompanied with goodness of colour.' It was this principle that governed the pencil of Apelles, when he delineated the 'sea-born goddess.' Lucian, who was an admirable judge, bestows high encomiums on Homer, for comparing Menelaus's naked arms to ivory gently dyed in purple; for such, according to his opinion, should be the colour of the whole body. Ausonius, the celebrated Roman poet, who loved so enthusiastically the beautiful daughter of the Emperor Valentinian, the incomparable Bissula, addresses a painter, whom he employed to draw her portrait, 'go, then, artist, and confound red roses with many lilies, and what reflection the air takes from them, let that be the colour of her face.' Petrarch, in describing Laura, represented the lily and the rose blooming on her cheeks, and that, when she smiled, she displayed 'a brilliant row of pearls set in orbs of coral.' Lord Byron thought that beauty never appeared so lovely 'as when, like an April flower, it was bathed in tears.' But the finest features, even if arranged with the most harmonious symmetry, and heightened by the most blooming complexion, must be animated with a glowing expression, before they can strike the passions, or enchain the admiration of love. To invest beauty with the power of conquest, it is necessary that there should be—
'Heart on the lips and soul within the eyes.'

An American paper speaks highly of a splendid display of roses in the Linnæan Botanic Garden at Flushing. 'The whole collection covers a large expanse of ground, and comprises more than six hundred varieties, selected from the most celebrated collections throughout the world; and many fine varieties have also been originated by the proprietor. Among the more interesting plants in this collection are the cinnamon, cassia, coffee, bread fruit, mango, guava, banana in flowers, plantain, mammee, alligator pear, rose apple, granadilla of five species, annatto, fustic, gum guaiacum, green and Bohea tea, black pepper, pine apple in flower and in fruit, calothamnus quadrifida in flower, metrosideros lanceolata in flower, gloxinia speciosa in flower, sacred banyan of India, alstræmeria pelegina in flower, amaryllis longifolia, reginæ and rutilans, all in flower; the cashew nut, bohan upas of Java, red lac of China, sour sop, cherimoyer and rinyon of India, cocoa nut, arum bicolor, banksia, six species; melastoma, several species; the ebony, mahogany, logwood, and braziletto wood, manchineel, amaryllis gigantea, Buonapartia juncea, gloriosa superba, cyrtanthus, two species; true caper, strelitzia, two species; coccoloba, two species; cookia punctata, Mexican calabash tree, cotton tree of Colombia, dillenia speciosa, Venus' fly trap, epacris grandiflora in flower, monsonia, three species, in flower; erica grandiflora in flower; fuchsia, nine species; Mexican and Brazilian schinus; gardenia, above twenty species; wax flower of China, hibiscus, rosa sinensis, different varieties, in flower; hovenia dulcis, Yapan tea, New Zealand tea, Paragua tea, the præonia whiteji, humei and fragrans, being three very splendid species from China, now in flower—the cactus speciosissimus, which recently flowered for the first and only time in this state. Also, two hundred varieties of geraniums; fifty-three varieties of the carmelia or Japan rose, and the double white rocket, now in flower for the first time in our country.'

CITY OF LONDON INSTITUTION.

WE have great pleasure in noticing the progressive prosperity of this very useful establishment for diffusing the principles of science and a general taste for literary recreation, among the secondary or middle classes of society; and cannot but anticipate very advantageous results to the morals and character of those classes of our metropolitan youth, who, instead of spending, as heretofore, their hours of relaxation in listless idleness, frivolous amusements, or perhaps dissipated association, are now induced to devote an essential portion of their evenings to intellectual pleasures, and studies that have a tendency to render them at once more respectable and more useful members of society. The Lecture Room, in the premises of this institution, in Aldersgate Street, not being yet completed, the Albion Hall, Moorfields, still continues to be occupied by the successive professors, and on Wednesday last, Mr. Thelwall concluded his third course of lectures here, to a very thronged and highly respectable assembly. The subject was, the Science and Accomplishments of Elocution; in treating which, Mr. T. pursued his theme into many of the scientific abstractions connected with the anatomy and physiology of the animal frame, and the principles that regulate or circumscribe the moral and intellectual faculties of the mind, and have (as he concludes) a necessary influence on the perceptions and feelings that dictate to our thoughts, and influence the delivery of language. At the same time, the jargon of technicalities, which is apt to render such topics uninteresting or unintelligible to all but the initiate, he either excluded, or so familiarly explained and illustrated, that it was neither necessary to be acquainted with the language of the schools or the abstractions of metaphysics, to be enabled to follow the discourse through all its bearings and exemplifications. The animation of a spontaneous delivery, and the complete command of the lecturer over all the inflections and intonations of the voice, contributed, also, together with the diversity of spontaneous and digressive illustration, still further to this effect. The lectures have, also, in general, been further relieved and diversified by readings and recitations, sometimes conversationally familiar, at others, broadly humorous, though without any approximation to coarseness or indecorum, and not unfrequently in the highest strain of the impassioned, the energetic, and the sublime. Among the illustrations that impose the highest tax upon the discriminations of diversified intonations, and upon the physical as well as intellectual energies of the reciter, we may particularly notice, as having been, on different evenings, hailed with the most enthusiastic applause, Collins's Ode on the Passions; Antony's Oration; Henry V. before Harfleur; and Satan's Soliloquy. Mr. Thelwall having, in eleven preceding discourses, gone through the most prominent parts of the theoretical and practical portions of his science; and expatiated, with occasional amplitude, on the principles of universal and of idiomatic prosody,—a more correct and rational apprehension of which he maintains to be indispensable to the improvement of our national elocution; devoted his concluding lecture to the higher endowments and accomplishments of the oratorical character, as applicable to the purposes of the pulpit, the bar, the senate, and to popular assemblies in general; expatiating on a catalogue of physical, moral, and intellectual endowments, as indispensable to this attainment; and enumerating the sacrifices with which the pursuit is likely to be accompanied. In descending upon senatorial and popular oratory, the lecturer gave some sketches, or made some allusions to the styles of Canning, of Pitt, and of Fox; but it was to the style of their elocution and their oratory alone, and there was not a word escaped him from which the most jealous partizan could have suspected that he had ever had a partiality or an aversion to the sentiments of either of them. But the most valuable part was that which had reference to the elocution and oratory of the pulpit; and the occasional pathos and earnest solemnity with which the speaker expatiated on the range of interests and subjects, from those of the most tender and social sympathies, to those of the most inspiring and the most terrific sublimity, presented a striking contrast to the humour with which, in another part of the lecture, he illustrated the absurdities of several of the false, the soporific, the chilling, and the affected styles of reading and utterance, frequently exhibited by those who, from erroneous maxim or careless inanity, do not habituate their hearts and feelings to accompany the language which they are reading, or otherwise mechanically repeating.

Mr. Thelwall having concluded his course, amidst the most enthusiastic plaudits, bade a brief farewell the Institution, in which his exertions have been

so frequently called for, and so cordially received; and, for a time at least, to all London audiences; as we understand him to be engaged to explain and illustrate the principles of his science to several of the literary and philosophical societies in various parts of the nation.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

A. F.'s articles are under consideration. Rejected—'To Anna with a Ring'—and the 'Lines written at the Grave of Napoleon.'

S. R. J. has been received. Our readers will notice a new feature in our paper of to-day—in the insertion of a private letter from Paris. We hope to give a succession of such articles.

PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION: In four volumes, Q. Horatii Flacci Opera: containing an Ordo and Verbal Translation, interlineally arranged; with Preliminary Dissertations, &c. By P. A. Nuttall, LL.D. editor and translator of Juvenal's Satires and Virgil's Bucolics, &c.—Washington Irving has just finished a Life of Columbus, to be published in the winter, in two vols. 8vo.—In the press, The Circle of the Seasons and Perpetual Key to the Calendar and Almanack, to which are added, the Circle of the Hours of the Day, and the History of the Days of the Week.

In our notice of the Literary Annuals, of last week, we stated our opinion that the Friendship's Offering could not be published until 'a dangerously late period of the year.' We have since been given to understand that we were in error in so stating, and that this established and interesting work will appear at the same time with its competitors. We are also informed that the greatest exertions have been made by its present highly respectable publishers, to procure contributions from the most distinguished authors, and paintings from the most eminent artists, and that they have succeeded to the utmost extent of their wishes. It is to contain twelve illustrations, among the principal of which is the Fisherman's Hut, by Fraser; the Sylph, by Woods; the First Ball, by Kidd; the Virginia Water, by Daniells; the Captive Slave, by Simpson, &c. &c. Mr. Charles Knight, the Editor, will, no doubt, materially serve the literary portion of the volume, as, independently of his own exertions and abilities, he will have the assistance of many of the best contributors to his late Quarterly Magazine. The Friendship's Offering has always been a favourite with us, and we feel assured that it is not likely to lose our good opinion.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	Thermometer.			Barom.		State of the Weather.
	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Taken at 1 o'clock Noon.		
Sept. 7	58	63	57	30	30	Cloudy.
.... 8	56	59	55	..	28	Cloudy.
.... 9	58	62	58	29	98	Heavy rain.
.... 10	52	62	62	..	90	Showers.
.... 11	61	66	61	..	80	Cloudy.
.... 12	58	64	55	..	75	Showers.
.... 13	55	59	50	..	99	Showers.

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N. B. As it is very usual to make references to A. B., Miss Z. changes the initials at Lloyd's to those of 'C. H. Z.' to prevent mistakes.

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